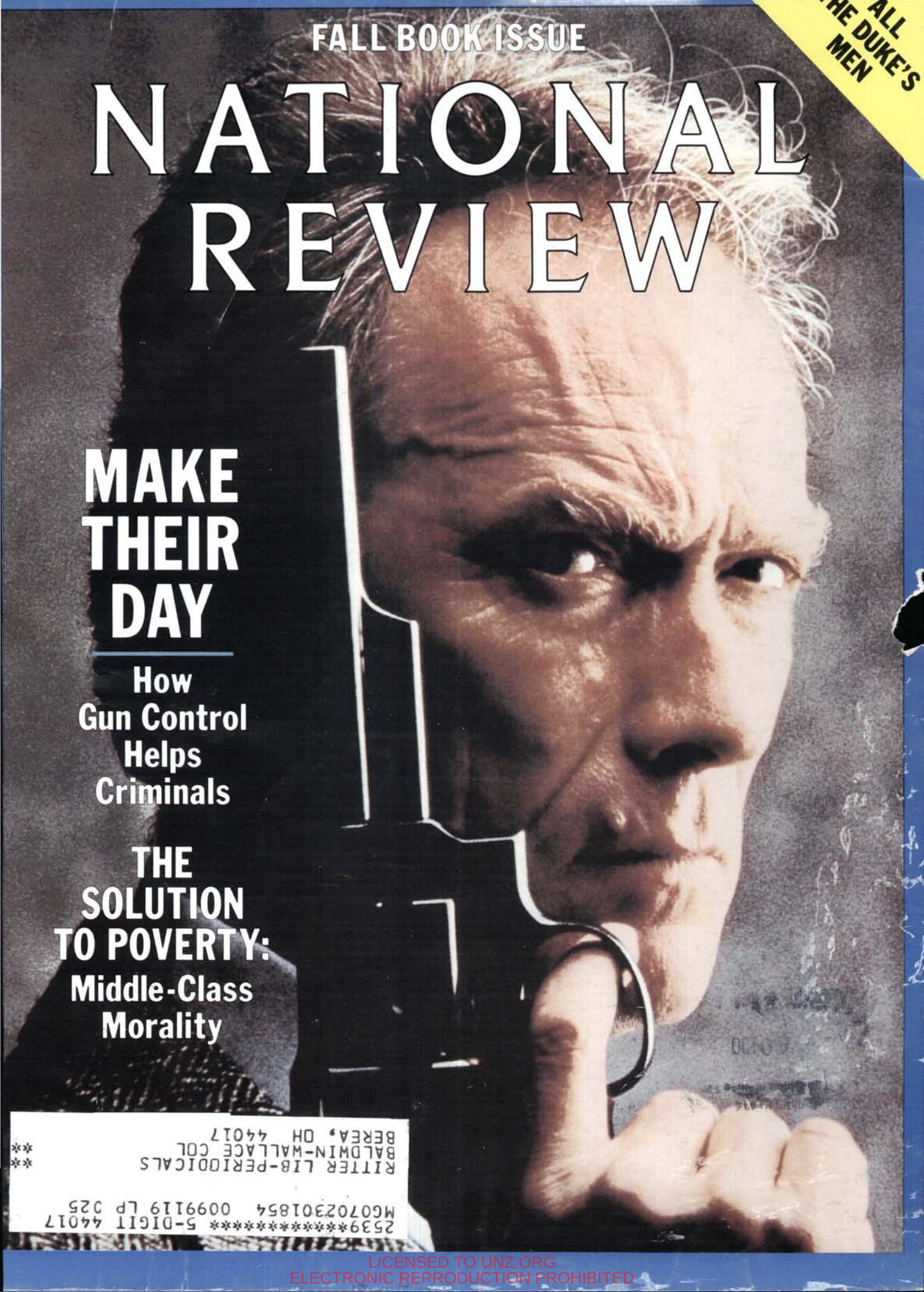
FALL BOOK ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW

ALL THE DUKE'S MEN



MAKE THEIR DAY

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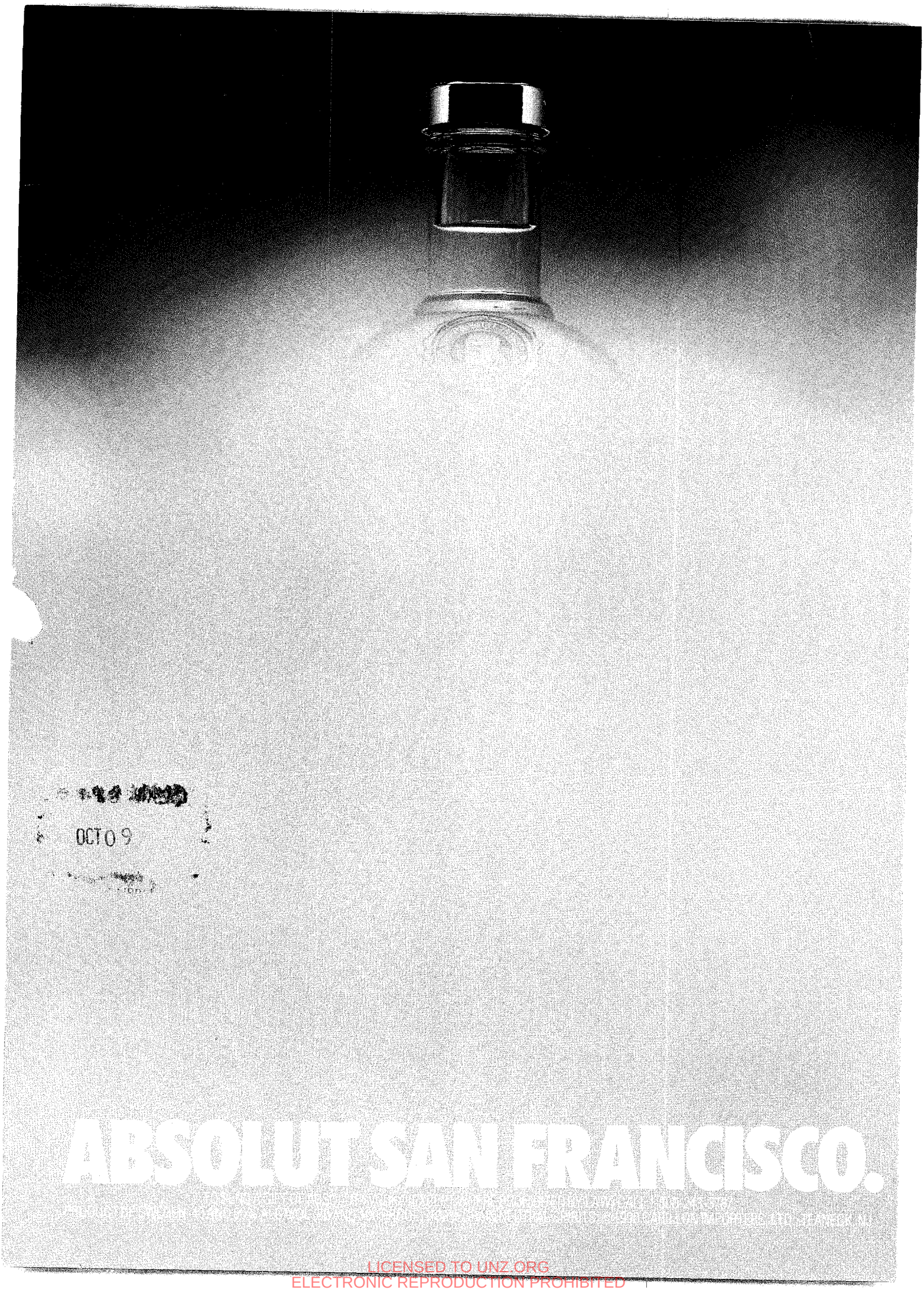

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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 21, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 19

Cover Story

30 ***Eight Myths of Gun Control***
The idea that outlawing guns will make America less violent is not just wishful thinking, it fundamentally mistakes how people, guns, and societies work. **Don B. Kates Jr.** & **Patricia Terrell Harris** explode the theories of gun-control fanatics.

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In the wake of the Clarence Thomas battle, **William McGurn** looks at how the war for the Court—and the Constitution—is shifting. . . . Six months after the Gulf War, Kuwait's people, rulers, and friends are more at odds than ever, reports **Ian Alexander**. . . . Has David Duke finally peaked? **Ben C. Toledano** looks at the bizarre cast of characters in the Louisiana governor's race.

26 ***Inside the Russian Enigma***
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32 ***The Party's Over***
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Fall Books

37 **James Bowman** praises the scholarship of *Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians*, but is engaged most by the ideas Gertrude Himmelfarb has rediscovered—not least, a rational socialism. . . . James Reston is wonderful raconteur but only a fair reporter; *Deadline* makes both plain, says **Richard Brookhiser**. . . . Terry Teachout's vivid and thoughtful *City Limits: Memories of a Small-Town Boy* moves **Brad Miner** to reflect on why the City is so cold. . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.** notes that while Kingsley Amis's *Memoirs* are not so fine as his fiction, he still outdoes his contemporaries. . . . **Adam B. Ulam** suggests that if "the future belongs to freedom," it has probably passed Eduard Shevardnadze by. . . . In *Utopias Elsewhere: Journeys in a Vanishing World*, Anthony Daniels captures the horrors of the Third World and, to **Arnold Beichman**'s delight, the fatuousness of its First World admirers. . . . Alan Nolan makes a good start at a fresh look at Robert E. Lee in *Lee Considered* but, sighs **Doug Bandow**, doesn't know when to stop.

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LETTERS

Down by Law

The changes proposed by Vice President Quayle ["The Week," Sept. 9] would not stop our litigation explosion. The incentive for a lawsuit is the expectancy of a large money payment from a liability-insurance company, and the expectancy is based on a right granted by law. In every year since the birth of this country our legislatures have created new rights by statute, and our courts have created new rights by the common law. Very few of these rights have ever been repealed. Each of these rights is supported by the due-process guarantees of our Constitution. Due process means trials, and trials mean lawyers.

Curtailment of litigation will occur only when the expectancies end. And the expectancies will end only when all the liability-insurance carriers go out of business. Their demise will force a large number of the nation's lawyers to find a different line of work.

You should also be advised that no self-respecting lawyer ever allows a private club like the American Bar Association to do his thinking for him.

Robert C. Ruggiero
New Haven, Conn.

Thanks, but . . .

I am deeply honored to have been anointed by Alan Reynolds as John Kenneth Galbraith's most likely successor ["Who's On Next?" Aug. 26], but less happy with Mr. Reynolds's numerous misstatements of fact concerning my recent book, *The Work of Nations*. First, I did not therein endorse higher taxes for middle- and lower-income citizens (in the vernacular, "bracket creep"); my argument is quite the reverse. Second, my advocacy of free trade is integral to the thesis of the book, rather than a "two-page defense," as he dismisses it. Third, I explicitly acknowledge the phenomenon that he accuses me of neglecting: were the nation to impose high taxes on skilled and talented people, it would likely suffer a "brain drain" in favor of more hospitable jurisdictions around the world. This point, too, is central to my argument about the political dilemma facing America in the new global economy, in which the economic fates of the most skilled and talented of our citizens are diverging from those of their less skilled compatriots. Fourth, and less forgivable, is Mr. Reynolds's assertion that "Galbraith has never had a kind word for Robert Reich." Mr. Reynolds need not even have read the book to avoid this fabrication. A glance at the book's dust jacket would have revealed a Galbraithian encomium.

Robert B. Reich
Cambridge, Mass.

The "bracket creep" issue concerns Mr. Reich's widely cited claim that "were the tax code as progressive as it was even as late as 1977, symbolic analysts [i.e., families earning over $60,000] would have paid approximately $93 billion more in taxes than they in fact paid in 1989." These absurd figures depend almost entirely on allowing "bracket creep" to subject an ever-increasing fraction of more and more families' nominal *income to a 50 to 70 per cent tax rate. They also assume that such taxation would have no effect on incentives to earn and report high incomes and capital gains. If Reich does not intend to "endorse" this system, he should not claim that restoring it would vastly enrich the state. Second, I intended to applaud, not "dismiss," his critique of protectionism, though it is curiously abbreviated. Third, Reich's sympathy for the "less advantaged four-fifths" leads him to advocate steep tax rates on precisely those uniquely skilled and talented people he acknowledges are critical to national economic success. Finally, my failure to notice the Galbraith plug among the ten on Reich's new book was indeed unforgivable. I confess a bad habit of reading the inside of books, neglecting the outside.* —AR

Tough on Fidel

You criticize the director of Radio Martí, Rolando Bonachea, for being "soft on Fidel" ["Off the Record," July 29]. The August 26 *Time* reports the opposite.

Controversies over editorial policy date from the station's beginning. Radio Martí must closely guard the credibility that has earned it a large audience and made it a driving force for democracy in Cuba. Radio Martí enjoys a 78 per cent listenership rate in Cuba, despite heavy Cuban jamming.

On August 7, the President's Advisory Board for Cuba Broadcasting passed a resolution commending Dr. Bonachea and his staff for their efforts to revitalize the station by strengthening news coverage, introducing new informational programs, and stressing human rights and democracy.

Jorge Mas Canosa
Chairman
Advisory Board for Cuba Broadcasting
Washington, D.C.

Virginia Is for Spenders

Stephen Moore ["Dire States," July 29] should know that Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder's reputation as a budget-cutter is based only on his own press releases. Republican legislators voted against the state budget because it had been balanced with accounting gimmicks; there were few major cuts. Wilder addressed Virginia's shortfall by freezing salaries, reducing pension-fund contributions, accelerating the transfer of lottery profits into the general fund, and draining every so-called trust fund available. Education transfers to local governments were cut, forcing local tax hikes. State aid to colleges was slashed. Meanwhile, since he took office, state-agency payrolls have grown by 2,900 positions and state spending is up 8 per cent.

The Republican minority proposed a freeze on the number of state employees, not just their salaries. We offered many real budget cuts, from merging entire agencies to cutting public-TV subsidies to eliminating legislative junkets. All were shot down by Wilder and his Democratic cronies.

If the state's economy does not bounce back in a hurry, then Virginia taxes will rise next spring as surely as the sap in our beautiful dogwoods.

Stephen D. Haner
Executive Director
Joint Republican Caucus
Of the Virginia General Assembly
Richmond, Va.

Immaterial Girl

There is nothing new or of major sociological import in the Madonna phenomenon ["Single Sex and the Girl," Aug. 12], just a very old story of cashing in on shock appeal. Mr. Sobran commented that Madonna has been on the cover of every magazine except *National Geographic*. Under the circumstances, *National Geographic* would have been excellent company for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Cherie J. Guelker
Arnold, Mo.

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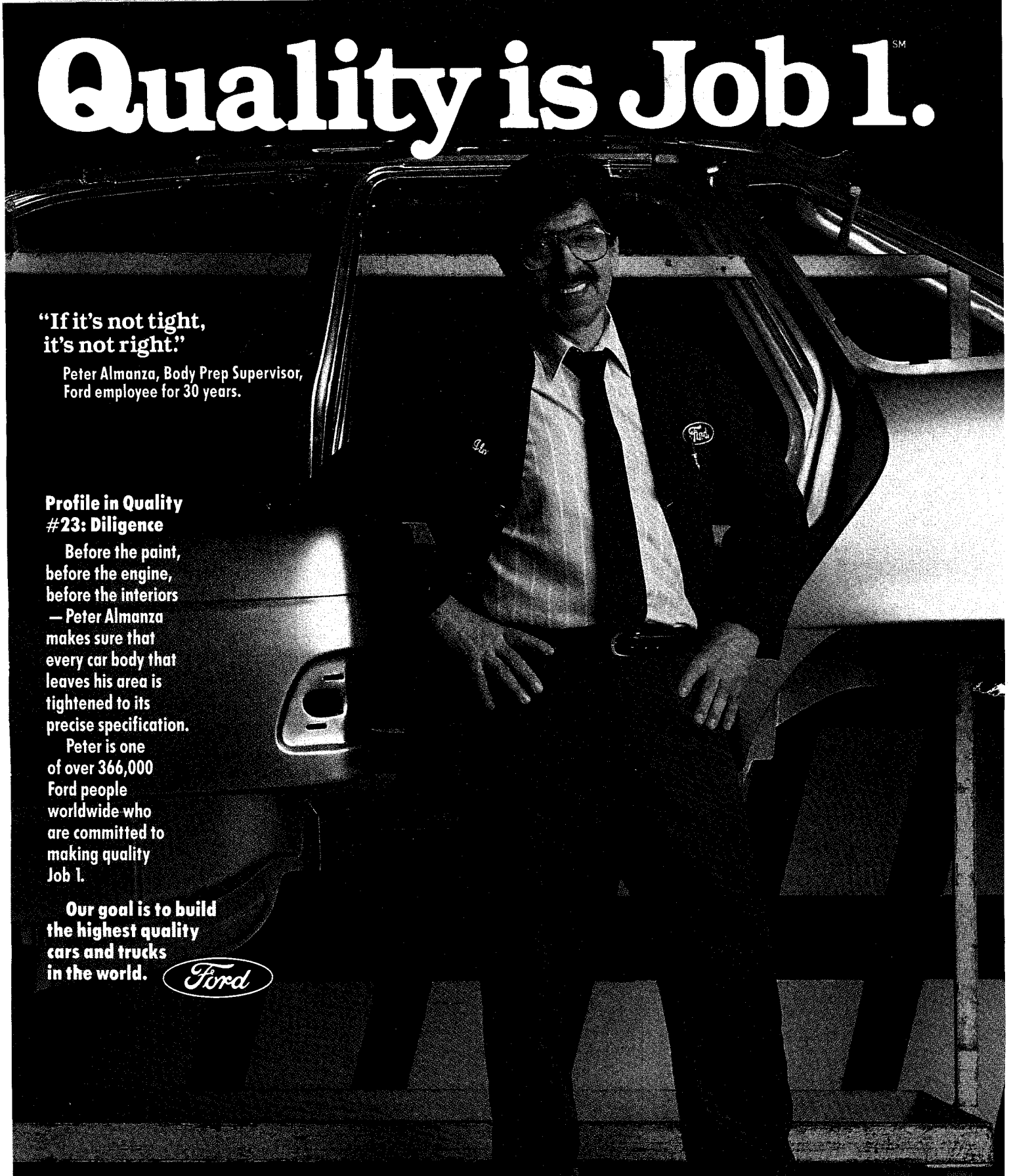
Quality is Job 1.[SM]



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FROM THE EDITOR

A Flying Visit

■ I cheated on this visit to Moscow by staying in an American Biosphere, the Slavyanskaya Hotel, which translates into English as the Radisson. The hotel was not fully operational—room service, for instance, was not yet available—but the standard of the rooms, the restaurants, the elevators, the CNN, and the plumbing was roughly mid American. And because the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe had just been in town, there were even direct telephone lines to the U.S.A. It was as good as being in Gary, Indiana.

Inevitably, the lobby became a haven for Western refugees from everyday Soviet life. At night, the main bar was like a saloon on the primary trail with Western journalists, visiting Republicans, a Federal Election Commissioner, a *Democrat*, oil men on their way to Siberia, and doubtless the odd KGB man who hadn't yet received his pink slip. The effect of all this comfort and merrymaking was to make Moscow seem all the more depressing when I eventually sallied forth.

■ I was in Moscow as the guest of the National Republican Institute for International Affairs to attend a conference on the nuts and bolts of democratic politics for delegates from parties from Russia, Georgia, and the Baltics (see page 28). Although its emphasis was firmly on imparting practical skills, there was some debate on what constitutional forms would best suit the new democracies. Both the U.S. system and the British parliamentary model had their partisans. My own preference is the parliamentary model for smaller, homogeneous countries like the Baltics, and a federal or confederal system for the far-flung Russian Republic.

At least as important as these grander constitutional forms, however, is the shape of the electoral system. All over Eastern Europe constitutions based on proportional representation have been installed. Such systems typically encourage a mass of small parties, extremist politics, and unstable coalition governments. Given that the Russians already have two of these three problems, they hardly need such encouragement.

Both the U.S. and British constitutional systems, otherwise different, rely on the "first-past-the-post" system in which the candidate with a plurality of votes is elected. Since these are the two oldest and most stable democracies in history, there might be a lesson for Russia here.

■ A pleasant duty I had in Moscow was to present the first "Liberty Prize" to the Deputy Mayor of Moscow, Sergei Stankevich, a Yeltsinite democrat and a patron of the NRIIA conference. The award was given by the Historical Research Foundation for "intellectual, artistic, and civic virtue practiced by a non-American."

The presentation came at the end of a moving ceremony at which representatives of the nations present received American flags that had flown over the Capitol from the NRIIA's President, Jack Buechner. Well, something moved Mr. Stankevich to tears—and I doubt if it was my suspicious query as to his credentials for "artistic" virtue: "Maybe you play the piano?"

■ Elsewhere I mention the lack of a pricing system in Moscow. This was brought home to me by the prices in three different restaurants. The meals were all good, lavish even, and accompanied by either vodka, wine, or Russian champagne. They cost respectively $120 for three people, $200 for two, and $20 for three.

For what it's worth, the most enjoyable meal was the cheapest—at the Restaurant Stanislavskovo 2. Not only was the food delicious and the atmosphere relaxed, but the two pianists who alternated in playing classical and jazz *never played too loud*. A second miracle: the restaurant will only accept rubles. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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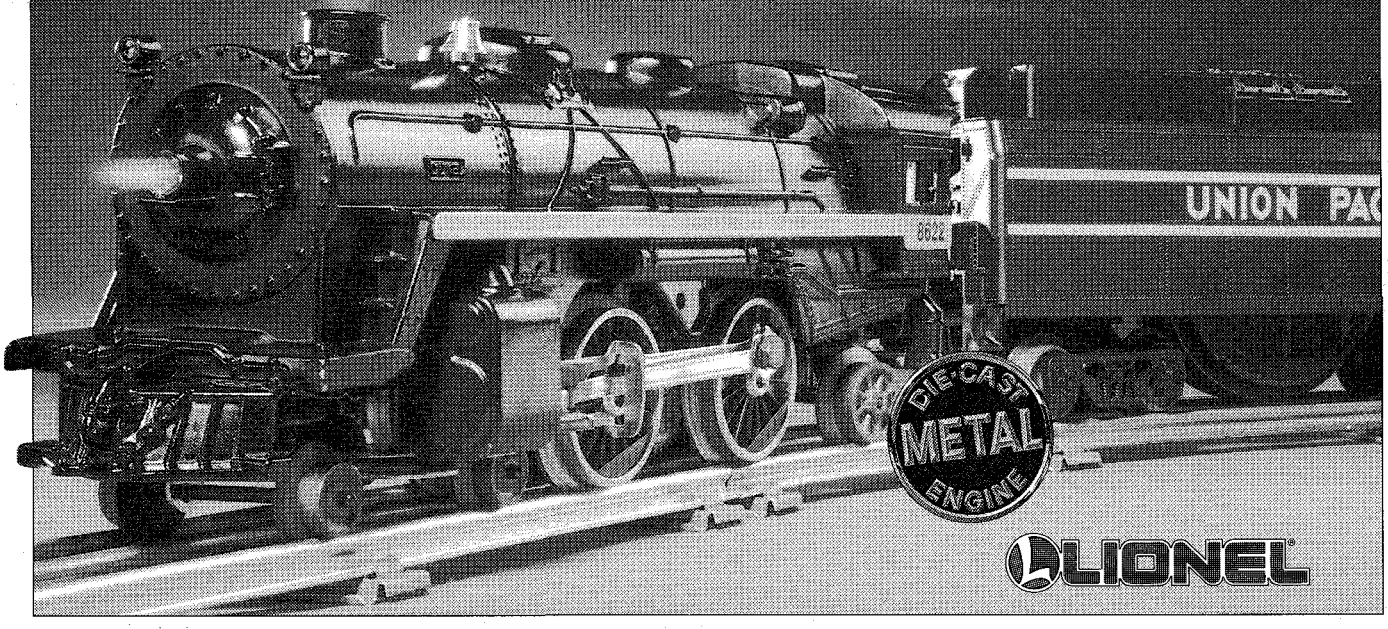

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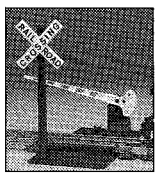

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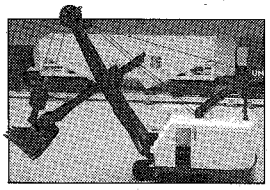

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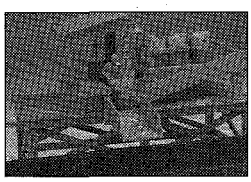
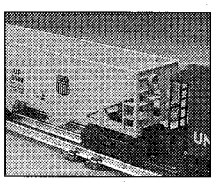


Barrel loader kit loads barrels into the gondola.



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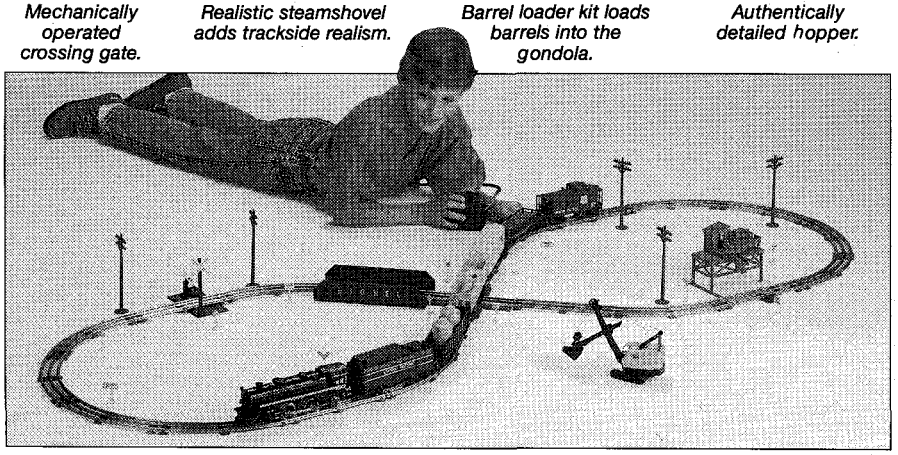

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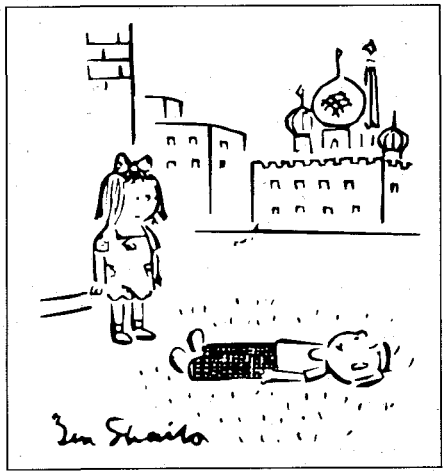
FOR THE RECORD

■ Two conclusions can be drawn from **Clarence Thomas** nomination: 1) it has fractured traditional black political leadership in America; 2) the confirmation process itself was mortally wounded by Judiciary Committee's handling of **Robert Bork**. . . . **Alan Keyes**, the conservative black president of Citizens against Government Waste, says the confirmation battle heralds "the end of totalitarianism in the black community. One way or another this thing has broken it up." . . . As evidence, **Benjamin Hooks**'s NAACP opposed Thomas, the National Urban League remained neutral, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—which **Martin Luther King Jr.** founded—came out in favor of confirmation. In endorsing Thomas, SCLC's president **Joseph Lowery** said he doubted that Thomas "will march robotically to the beat of the right-wing drum corps." And he took a swipe at Congressional Black Caucus (CBC) for its Pavlovian rejection of Thomas. "The CBC," Lowery says, "set themselves up as the voice of black America. They were rounding third base before the umpire said play ball." . . . On the confirmation process, Sen. **Slade Gorton** (R., Wash.) pointed out in announcing his support of Thomas that "when a majority of the Judiciary Committee rejected Robert Bork, it condemned itself to a set of bland, inconclusive hearings like those on **David Souter** and Clarence Thomas. Knowing that a precise answer to a single question may cost the nominee any chance of confirmation, it is hardly surprising that all such questions are ducked." . . . **Katherine Franke**, former executive director of the National Lawyers Guild, came to much the same conclusion in the leftist *Guardian*. "Liberals," she says, "remain stuck in the residual euphoria of the defeat of Robert Bork. Indeed, they act almost like deer, transfixed by oncoming headlights in the middle of a highway, ignorantly boasting: 'Make my day, bring on another Bork.' The nominees come and go, and the liberals don't even know what hit them." . . . **Robert** & **Linda Lichter**, whose *Media Monitor* polices media coverage of news events, reports the media were more hostile to Thomas than to Bork during the interval between nomination and start of Senate hearings. Three-fifths of the 337 evaluations of Thomas (*New York Times*, *Washington Post*, CBS, NBC, ABC, CNN) were negative; coverage of Bork was evenly balanced between negative and positive assessments in same interval.

■ Hideous problem for the Left: How to survive collapse of Soviet Communism? Columnist **Phil Gasper** of radical *Guardian* says it is wrong to "see the collapse of Stalinism as somehow a setback for the Left. Why?" Because, he says, analysts on Left fail to realize that "the society that Stalin built on the ruins of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution was simply a *variant of capitalism* [emphasis added]. . . . [Under Stalin], just as in the West," he explains, "a tiny minority controlled the economy, exploiting the mass of the population with the aim of accumulating capital. Recognizing this fact is vital for understanding the crisis in the Soviet Union and the significance of recent events." . . . CPUSA head **Gus Hall** is ashamed of **Gorbachev** for meekly protesting the current "**McCarthyite** witchhunt" against the Soviet Communist Party in the "while approving decrees carrying it out." . . . National Public Radio's **Linda Wertheimer** finds it reprehensible of **Boris Yeltsin** to have shut down *Pravda* temporarily because "that is flirting with censorship." . . . To Soviets it seems much clearer. **Aleksandr Goltz** writes in the hard-line Red Army paper *Red Star* that "today it is evident that the Soviet Union, as a superpower possessed by messianic ideas, is finished." He questions further whether what is left of the Soviet Union can even have a foreign policy. . . . TASS correspondent **Aleksandr Manayev** has confirmed that it was Soviet ground crews and pilots who shot down the first U.S. pilots over Vietnam in 1965, before North Vietnamese crews could be trained. . . . And the dominoes continue to tumble. In same week that Salvador peace was announced (what else could the rebels do when their supply lines from Nicaragua and Cuba were severed?), *Washington Post* ran front-page photograph of anti-Communist UNITA leader **Jonas Savimbi** campaigning in Luanda, Angola's capital city.



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"Let's play statues."

■ Political developments: Democratic, presidential division. **Thomas Mann**, of Brookings, on Sen. **Tom Harkin** (Iowa): "His take-no-prisoners style could make waves in the primaries but might not play so well in a general election." . . . First in, former Sen. **Paul Tsongas** (Mass.) continues to make his businessman's pitch, calling for an expansion of economic pie. "If Democrats don't understand how to create jobs, and the pie shrinks . . . there is nothing liberal about that." That kind of statement tends to ensure he will not be nominated. . . . Gov. **Bill Clinton** (Ark.) is making a joke of his inordinately long nominating speech for **Michael Dukakis** in 1988, for which he is best known. "I talked for several months." . . . Amazingly, a mid-September poll shows California's **Jerry Brown** leading pack, preferred by 24 per cent of Democratic voters, to 13 per cent for **Douglas Wilder**, 7 per cent for Clinton. Still, Gov. Moonbeam will have trouble being taken seriously. Comments **Jay Leno**: "Just when you think you're running out of jokes, Jerry Brown announces for the Presidency."

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THE WEEK

■ In St. Paul, legislative employees report a ghost haunting the Minnesota Capitol, "but it's not threatening, it's friendly," one advises, apparently ruling out the possibility that the apparition is a taxpayer.

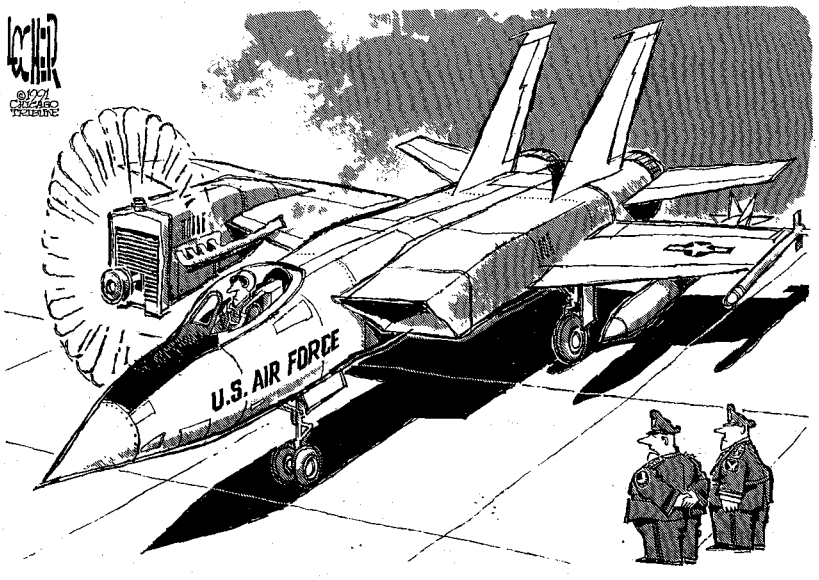
■ Did Dick Darman fumble the budget ball by himself, or was he tripped up by House conservatives? John Sununu insists that the budget disaster outlined by Warren Brookes in our cover story last issue could have been averted if Newt Gingrich and other key conservatives had signed on to the original budget agreement. Let us jog his memory. The first draft included the worst of what we have now: the luxury sales tax, an emasculated Gramm–Rudman deficit control, and the prohibition against future tax cuts. Mr. Sununu swore last year that there would be no deal without a capital-gains-tax cut. Had he delivered on that, the bad features of this agreement would have been at least offset. But the Democrats succeeded first in pairing lower capital-gains taxes with higher income-tax rates (at which point Gingrich walked away), and then in killing capital-gains-tax cuts in the name of fairness. The recession and the $400-billion deficit are brought to you by establishment Republicans desperate for a deal.

■ We didn't even *know* members of Congress had their very own bank until it transpired that they'd been bouncing personal checks like crazy, without paying fees or facing other penalties. The GAO reports that 581 checks of more than $1,000 were covered by the bank during the first half of 1990. And in the 12 months up to February 1990, the bank covered $232,000 worth of bad checks, including one for more than $10,000 by the bank's overseer, House Sergeant at Arms Jack Russ. But can you really blame our elected representatives for running their bank the same way they run the national economy?

■ We're in a recession, unemployment is up, and the poverty population grew by 2.1 million last year. That's hardly surprising. But poverty is not what it used to be. Thirty-eight per cent of America's "poor" own homes with a median value of $39,200; 62 per cent of poor households own a car, and nearly half have air-conditioning, according to the Heritage Foundation. Indeed, 22,000 of America's poor have heated swimming pools or hot tubs. How come? The government defines poverty solely on the basis of annual cash income, and thus ignores the considerable assets owned by many poor households, as well as the nearly $200 billion in Medicaid, food stamps, subsidized housing, and other in-kind benefits. But the most troubling datum is the small fraction of America's 33.6 million poor that can reasonably blame their status on the hard economic times. Eighty-four per cent of families that became poor last year were headed by females, most of them non-working. The root causes of today's poverty seem to be more behavioral than economic—even in a recession—and will therefore not be solved by macroeconomic tinkering.

■ But declaring the spotted owl to be endangered, which it isn't, has so far forced the closing of 71 plywood and veneer factories and sawmills in the Pacific Northwest, and cost 6,371 jobs.

■ The successful outcome of the mini-drama in the Baghdad parking lot, with gutsy UN inspectors guarding their hoard of incriminating documents against Iraqi aggression, should not obscure the main point: Saddam Hussein remains a strategic menace. The Administration is said to have uncovered the outline of an Iraqi nuclear-weapons program far grander and more sophisticated than suspected. Much of the supporting infrastructure of this program was fortunately destroyed in the war, but much survives. The U.S. has, as before, threatened military action to compel Iraqi compliance with UN resolutions. But our Saudi, Egyptian, and other Arab friends are not eager to be too closely identified



"I see the Soviet upheaval has defense appropriations in a mess!"

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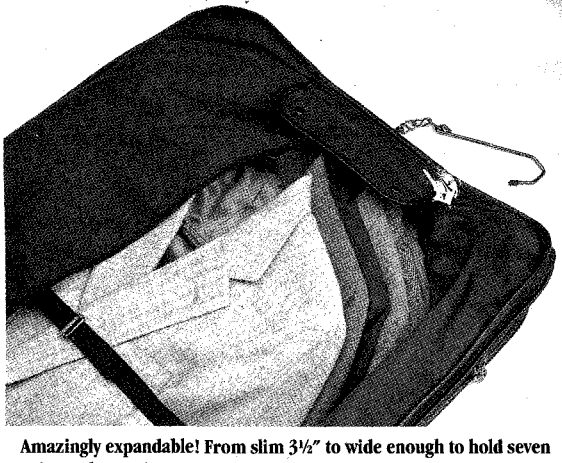

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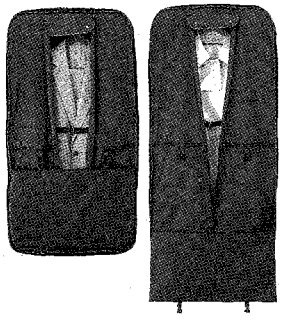

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with an American strike. This reflects the weakness of our political position: victory having been declared last spring, it's hard to recreate the sense of urgency (and of American credibility). We applaud Mr. Bush for his effort to mobilize the international community. If further military action is required, so be it. But Saddam will remain a threat to the region's peace as long as he remains in power. Getting rid of his nuclear capacity should be the first step toward getting rid of Saddam.

■ When coal miners rioted in Bucharest, calling for the resignation of the governing National Front, it was the worst upheaval in post-1989 Eastern Europe. But that is because Rumania never got a truly post-1989 government. The National Front that took over in the wake of the rebellion against Nicolae Ceausescu was riddled with hard-liners, who had changed nothing but their stripes. (Ironically enough, they were backed in their early days in power by mobs of rioting miners.) The economic decisions the Front has taken thus lack the legitimacy of popular consent. Hence the rage when times turn rough. Rumanian politics have historically been paranoid and unstable. It is no accident that the push to topple Ceausescu came from Timisoara, a cosmopolitan city where Rumanians, Hungarians, and Germans have lived together amicably for centuries. Civilized politics could help that kind of civil society spread to the rest of the country. A precondition for civilization is that the National Front must go.

■ It is revealed that during the attempted Soviet coup, Pizza Hut delivered 260 pizzas, twenty cases of Pepsi, and gallons of coffee to Boris Yeltsin and his group in the besieged Russian Parliament.

■ Markus Wolf, formerly the master spy of East Germany, has allowed himself to be apprehended. He hopes to avoid prison on the grounds that his service to the East German state was as legitimate as that of West German spies to theirs. Yes, the petty collaboration of many residents of occupied nations must be forgiven and forgotten in order to build a future. But some higher officials violated natural law, international law, and every other kind of law. Wolf, for instance, helped networks of terrorists who were trained and based in East Germany. It is hardly a convincing defense that he was only giving orders.

■ Cambridge University during the 1930s was a fertile recruiting ground for Stalin's intelligence service, and the "Fifth Man" has now come forward in the person of John Cairncross, 78, a former British intelligence agent who spied for Stalin. Since he is more likely to get a book contract than a jail sentence, we may now see other traitors angrily contesting his claim to the title. Will the Tenth Man please turn out the lights?

■ Biosphere 2 is the latest thing in New Age central planning: a five-million-cubic-foot Bonsai version of Biosphere 1 (a/k/a, the earth), with five ecosystems, more than four thousand species of flora and fauna, four men, four women, and, of course, a mini-gym. God, designer of Biosphere 1, did not participate in the creation of this tamer Eden: there are no sharks in B2's 500,000-gallon "ocean," no vipers in its fabricated "desert." Several thousand sensors will inform a central computer of nature's progress, and correct the elements appropriately. Unlike Adam and Eve, the eight Biospherans, who will spend two years locked inside the "balanced environment," were wearing jumpsuits as they entered their new dominion last week to the sounds of Tibetan and American Indian chanting. The intrepid volunteers will undergo some hardships (no toilet paper, reusable sea-sponge tampons) and will be completely cut off from the outside world—except for the video telephones, fax machines, TVs, and VCRs in their six-story apartment tower. But shades of a less progressive dispensation did haunt this Beginning: volunteers have been discouraged from having sexual relations. If a woman gets pregnant, the *New York Post* reported, "she'll be expelled . . . as will the father if he can be identified." And will a neon sword then be placed over the door?

■ The National Cathedral in Washington has just dedicated a large stained-glass window honoring Congress. Entitled "Religion and Righteousness," the window depicts "the Biblical roots of the legislative mission," as well as familiar congressional symbols like the Capitol dome. A beautiful tribute, this, and long overdue. May we suggest carrying the theme further with windows memorializing the saintly visages of Senators Cranston, Metzenbaum, Biden, and Mikulski? And is there not an artisan inspired and subtle enough to render the ascetic, luminous countenances of Kennedy, Frank, and Studds, so that future generations might know what legisla-

The Last Illusion

The Sphinx will sink and crumble;
  Niagara's mighty roar
Will wear away, becoming
  Another scenic bore;
But Mr. Bush's passion
  For China will survive
While old boys cling together—
  And Mr. Deng's alive.

W. H. VON DREELE

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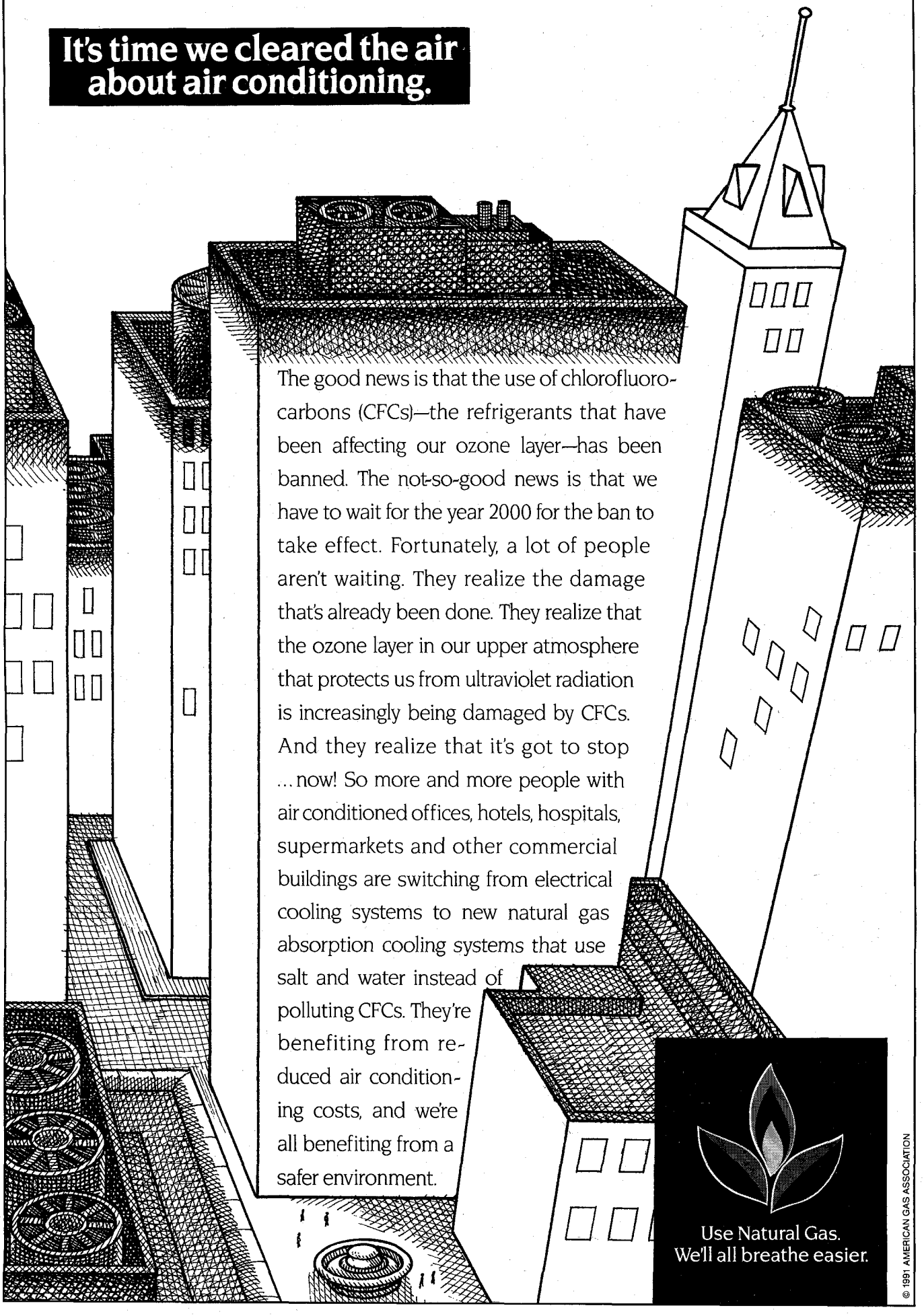
It's time we cleared the air about air conditioning.



The good news is that the use of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs)—the refrigerants that have been affecting our ozone layer—has been banned. The not-so-good news is that we have to wait for the year 2000 for the ban to take effect. Fortunately, a lot of people aren't waiting. They realize the damage that's already been done. They realize that the ozone layer in our upper atmosphere that protects us from ultraviolet radiation is increasingly being damaged by CFCs. And they realize that it's got to stop ... now! So more and more people with air conditioned offices, hotels, hospitals, supermarkets and other commercial buildings are switching from electrical cooling systems to new natural gas absorption cooling systems that use salt and water instead of polluting CFCs. They're benefiting from reduced air conditioning costs, and we're all benefiting from a safer environment.

Use Natural Gas.
We'll all breathe easier.

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tive giants dwelt among us? It would, after all, give America the distinction of having a cathedral with more knaves than any other in the world.

■ Hikers in Austria have found the body of a man who was dressed in leather, had tattoos, carried a knife, and ate meat. Scientists say the fellow died four thousand years ago, but we'd still look for a motorcycle down the slope.

Mr. Bush's Vision

LIKE ALL bold gambits, the President's nuclear proposal involved risks as well as gains. The collapse of our Soviet Communist adversary made inevitable a restructuring of our nuclear deterrent, just as the collapse of the Warsaw Pact has already generated a restructuring of our conventional forces. Last August, the President outlined a new, more versatile conventional posture geared less toward Europe and more toward Third World contingencies. Pressures to thin out if not eliminate our nuclear presence in Europe were bound to escalate. A proposal for dramatic nuclear reductions was also a way to help the democratic forces in the Soviet Union get a grip on their dispersed nuclear arsenal—and to start dismantling it.

But unlike Ronald Reagan, who was prey to utopian musings on this score, George Bush believes firmly and correctly in the continuing necessity of nuclear deterrence as the backbone of international security. These weapons cannot be uninvented, especially as nuclear technologies and temptations continue to proliferate in the Third World.

The President therefore intends to preserve the American nuclear presence in Europe via our nuclear-capable aircraft. These become the linchpin of the European balance once all our land-based nuclear forces come out. He intends to preserve our long-range bombers and our submarine-launched ballistic missiles, which are the most stabilizing elements of our strategic forces. He seeks, through negotiation, to reduce the proportion of multiple-warhead missiles in the two sides' inventories (particularly the Soviet SS-18)—a measure that would also enhance strategic stability. The elimination of ground-based tactical nuclear missiles from Europe is an appropriate response to the fading of the threat to which they were addressed; with the Soviet navy going out of business, we should likewise be able to dominate the seas without the need for so many sea-based tactical nuclear weapons. Finally, the President renewed his invitation to the Soviets to join in a restructured Strategic Defense Initiative, geared to the Third World ballistic-missile threats that we may now face in common.

If there is a danger here, it is that others will try to stretch this carefully crafted proposal into something radically and dangerously different. Mikhail Gorbachev, for one, responded the next day in his usual slippery fashion. He took a run at including the modest British and French nuclear forces (which Bush has been careful to protect) and our SLBMs, and he revived the idea of a "comprehensive test ban"—an old Soviet propaganda warhorse that would degrade the safety and reliability of the nuclear weapons that remain. The good news is that Gorbachev's opinion doesn't count that much any more. The Russians—Yeltsin and his colleagues—are likely to be more forthcoming, so a sensible Soviet response will materialize in due course.

The Democrats, however, are less predictable. President Bush's initiative risks being swept up in a desperate congressional stampede to unearth a "peace dividend" that would pay for their hungry domestic programs. There will be renewed pressures to kill the B-2 bomber and SDI, to pull everything out of Europe (and Japan), to dismantle parts of our ICBM force unilaterally, as well as to slash overall spending even more than the cuts already projected by the Administration.

Did the President pre-empt these pressures and recapture the initiative? Or did he inadvertently open the floodgates? It's too early to tell. Conservatives need to rally behind Mr. Bush's program and defend it against these pressures. It's the difference between strategic statesmanship and strategic recklessness, between a stabilizing reduction of weapons and a mindless abdication of America's role in upholding international security.

Democratic Employment Act

GEORGE BUSH vowed to veto the bill to extend unemployment benefits, and Congress may well fail to override. But the repercussions will not end there.

The bill itself, cooked up by House Democrats and whooped through the Senate, is economic nonsense. It proposes to confer up to twenty weeks of benefits on workers whose unemployment insurance has run out (current federal law provides up to 13 weeks of benefits). The reason for extending the program is supposed to be the nation's sorry economic plight—although unemployment today is lower than it was when Congress *stopped* supplemental benefits after the last recession. Its effect will be to inflate the unemployment statistics, since it will enable the jobless to take longer in choosing their next job. That, in turn, will give the Democrats an excuse for further programs. It seems almost a detail that the bill

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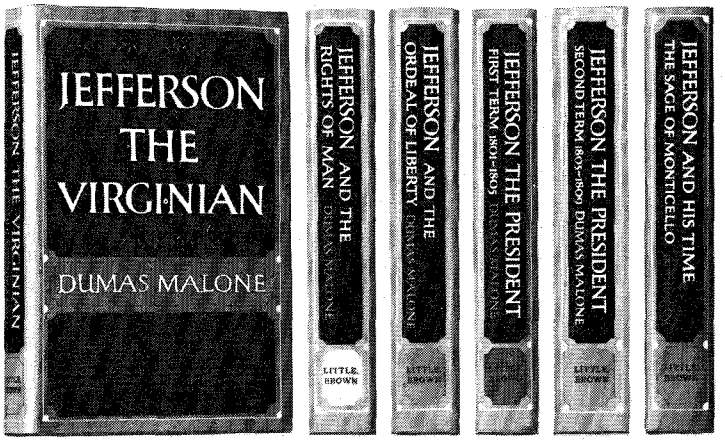

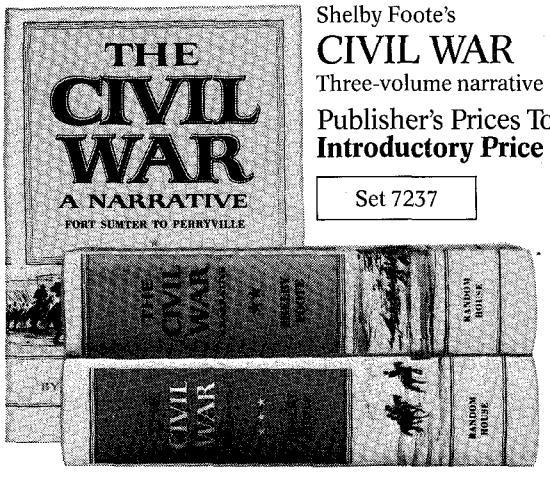

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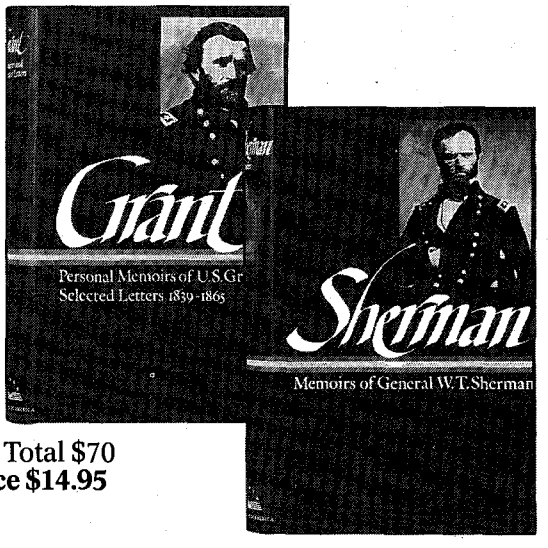

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also breaks the 1990 budget pact, since the extra spending would be triggered by unemployment statistics, thus bypassing the White House.

The main significance of the bill, however, is political. With the economy still in the doldrums, the Democrats are showing more fight. Even if Bush makes a veto stick, they will flail him on the issue of compassion. The unanswerable response to that used to be that George Bush, and the GOP, believed in helping taxpayers. But Bush and the Darmanites threw that weapon away last year. Today they have no defense against compassioneering.

Involuntarily Yours

ROBERT GATES'S appearance before the Senate Intelligence Committee has all the earmarks of the medieval witchcraft test as outlined by Monty Python: if you float, you're a witch; if you drown, you're innocent. To cleanse himself of the charge of Reaganism, Gates tried to drown. He resorted to what the *Washington Post* contemptuously called a "strategy of contrition"—promising as CIA Director to tell the senators whatever they wanted to know, to report all covert operations to them as quickly as possible, to resign rather than collude in nefarious presidential shenanigans, and so forth. The *Post* expressed skepticism of Gates's sincerity. Our concern—for we hope Gates will be confirmed—is the opposite.

Four years ago, a young CIA Deputy Director gave a speech at Princeton commenting on the Agency's relations with Congress after more than a decade of expanded congressional oversight. He stressed the extraordinary degree to which the CIA shared intelligence with the legislators: "Virtually all CIA assessments go to the two Congressional Intelligence Committees. Most go also to the Armed Services, Foreign Relations, and Appropriations Committees. In 1986, CIA sent some five thousand intelligence reports to Congress and gave many hundreds of briefings." The speech concluded: "CIA today is in a remarkable position, poised nearly equidistant between the executive and legislative branches . . ."

The speaker was Bob Gates. The theory of "equidistance" prompted a small outcry, so the word "involuntarily" was inserted in the last sentence when the speech appeared a few months later as a *Foreign Affairs* article. Quite so. When last we checked, the National Security Act of 1947 was still on the books, creating the Agency as part of the executive branch and its Director as a statutory advisor to the National Security Council, chaired by the President. George Bush, quite jealous of his constitutional prerogatives, is not likely to forget this. Gates, who has been a loyal servant of the President, is not likely to forget it either. Contrition cannot override the law and the Constitution. Whatever may apply to Clarence Thomas, no such theory of natural (or unnatural) law applies here.

West Bank Story

THE DISPUTE between Israel and the Bush Administration over the $10-billion loan guarantee for Soviet immigrants there damages the interests of both sides for no apparent purpose. No amount of money—certainly not a shadow $10-billion guarantee that serves mainly to reduce the interest rate Israel must pay to borrow the actual money—could compensate Israel for gaining an enemy in the White House or losing the sympathy of the American public over its apparent unreasonableness. Yet those are the stakes. Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir should remember Talleyrand's diplomatic advice: "Above all, gentlemen, no zeal." But so should George Bush. The President's apparent determination to link the guarantee to a freeze on Israeli settlement-building in the occupied territories now constitutes the greatest threat to the prospect of an American diplomatic triumph: direct negotiations between Arabs and Israelis following a ceremonial conference under American and Soviet chairmanship.

After all, this diplomatic opportunity is new, whereas Israeli settlements in the territories have been a problem for every American Administration since 1967. They have come to look like an effort to transform the demography of the occupied lands unilaterally so as to render impossible any peace settlement based on territorial partition. But given the passion of Likud's attachment to the land—and the tightness of its stranglehold over Israeli politics today—realism should have induced a different American approach. The best hope for Israeli restraint in settlement-building lies in getting the negotiations started, creating circumstances that might lead Israelis themselves (following Menachem Begin's precedent during Camp David) to seek to avoid provocative actions. This means keeping an eye on the ball: getting an Israeli–Palestinian–Jordanian negotiation started.

The Arabs, after all, had accepted the U.S. proposal for a peace negotiation unconditionally. There is little reason to think they would have risked our wrath by backing out, just because we went ahead with an unrelated loan guarantee for resettlement of Soviet immigrants, with the money having all to be spent inside pre-1967 Israel. While money is fungible, the connection with settlement-building in the occupied territories is highly tenuous.

Congress's agreement to defer the loan guarantee

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until January, after the negotiations are expected to have begun, has only postponed the crisis. Shamir's government is held hostage by hard-liners who oppose even peace negotiations and are threatening to bring it down, forcing new elections; this would mean a three-month delay, followed by the return of more or less the same government. The Administration's hardball tactics are thus likely to have no effect, or to backfire. If the Administration then backs down, it may lose the commitment of the Arabs who have now staked some of their own prestige on freezing further settlement.

It's a brawl without a purpose. In the end, no one will win—neither Americans, nor Israelis, nor even Palestinians if the result is to torpedo the first real chance for a negotiated peace since Camp David.

Awful Warning

IN ANNOUNCING his plan to "save" New York City with yet another massive infrastructure project, Governor Mario Cuomo demonstrated, once again, why he is the nation's pre-eminent orator. No other living politician (and very few of the dead ones) could have endowed tunnels, rail links, public housing, and the Second Avenue subway with such an aura of grandeur and spiritual uplift. New York desperately needed the psychological boost. But does it need new infrastructure? Consider this: the city's employed labor force—the most frequent users of its infrastructure—shrank by 104,000 over the past 12 months, and is now only 3 per cent greater than it was at the start of the Cuomo administration in 1983. But the value of new public infrastructure, as measured by the outstanding debt of New York's public construction agencies, rose from $26.5 billion to $52.1 billion, up by 46 per cent (in constant-dollar terms) during Mr. Cuomo's tenure.

New York's infrastructure is crumbling primarily because the recent construction binge has outpaced the city's capacity to manage and maintain what it already has. More infrastructure will only worsen the situation. Of course, the governor touts new jobs—79,000 of them—as the real payoff. But he is looking at only half of the economic equation. For the next thirty years New York taxpayers will be forced to pay the interest and principal on the bonds for this project, amounting to $24 billion over this period. With each upward ratchet of the tax scale, more infrastructure users are squeezed out of New York. Indeed, according to City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman, New York City will lose another 320,000 private-sector jobs by 1994 because of city and state tax hikes already enacted.

New York's problems transcend infrastructure and, for that matter, the recession. Over the past thirty years the city's payroll has increased by 50 per cent while its population has shrunk by 6 per cent. Public-education spending has doubled from ten years ago, yet test scores are down. The city spends $600 million to create housing for homeless families, yet squeezes the supply of affordable private housing with strict rent control. Mayor Dinkins promises layoffs of city workers to keep the city solvent, but delivers a 14 per cent income-tax hike, and no substantial layoffs.

Some day a New York politician will extol the virtues of small government, privatization, educational choice, and the free exchange of goods and services with the same fervor that Mr. Cuomo lavishes on infrastructure. With luck, there will still be people around to listen.

It's Just a Spat

In a blow-up that's getting grotesque,
Mr. Bush has been pounding his desk,
    But will Mr. Shamir
    Stop the building? My dear,
As we say in Manhattan, "Don't esk."

W. H. VON DREELE

Unsuitable for Children

MEANWHILE, New York's Board of Education recently rejected an amendment that would have allowed parents to keep their children out of its condom-distribution program. The *New York Times* hailed the vote as a major political defeat for the Catholic Church. Natch. But Cardinal O'Connor, replying in a sermon, said that political power was not the issue: "The chief losers in the battle are the children—children who conceivably will be given the most distorted and perverted ideas of what they're all about."

It's hard to believe that anyone with a genuinely human concern for the young, with respect for their dignity and, yes, their beleaguered innocence, could countenance this crass approach, which doesn't work even on its own pragmatic terms. The Rockford Institute cites recent studies finding that contraceptive and sex education substantially *increases* the odds of starting intercourse in the early or mid teens. There is no known case of its having the intended effect, yet it remains liberalism's treasured solution, misleadingly simple and wrong.

Even pupils who don't take advantage of the program are bound to receive its tacit message of benign contempt and dismal expectations. The place of

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the family has been usurped by state institutions that lack precisely the loving sternness that is the only sure prop of good behavior.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Apropos of the senators' session with Judge Thomas, an acquaintance related the nightmare he had after the grilling of Judge Bork.

He was sitting quietly in the privacy of his home deep in the heart of Robert Bork's America, arguing with his homosexual lover over which of them would get an abortion, while snorting cocaine, watching an X-rated movie, and composing a poem to NOW. Suddenly, the door flew open, and in burst several rogue cops brandishing clubs and autographed pictures of Judge Bork.

My acquaintance hid in the bedroom and telephoned for help. Senator Kennedy was not available: he was off studying his Spanish. Senator Leahy was not home: he was making a midnight delivery of government secrets to the *Washington Post*. Senator Biden had locked himself in his library with Bartlett's Quotations and a Xerox machine, and could not be disturbed.

Desperate now, my acquaintance called Jesse Jackson, who gave him the private line of one always ready to help the oppressed—Fidel Castro. His heart beating rapidly, the man finally got through to Fidel's house. After a brief conversation, he sadly hung up the phone knowing he now had no choice but to love Robert Bork. Fidel would not even come to the phone. He was too busy giving Spanish lessons to a U.S. senator, who just couldn't quite get the hang of it.

Sincerely,
Joseph J. Santora
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

For the first time in my long, long association with NATIONAL REVIEW you have disappointed me deeply: not surprised me or disagreed with me, which happens occasionally with no traumatic after-effects, but disappointed me. While most people admire your superior intelligence (and well they should), your strongest suit in my book has always been your impeccable manners. Now you have let me down.

In the letter from Gregory Barwis, serving as a GI in Saudi Arabia, he offers you a sacrificial gift of $50 because he feels so strongly about the future of *NR*. Like the widow's mite, it may have been just about all he had, but if you remember in the Biblical parable the Lord did not suggest that the mite be refused or returned to her but instead used the opportunity to make a comparison with the giving of others. *He accepted the offering in the spirit in which it was given.*

Your response to Mr. Barwis's generous contribution was to wave it off airily. In your overweening economic superiority you assumed the right to decide that he really couldn't afford it and you were going to overrule his choice. Now that's *bad manners*. Did you refuse your children's Christmas gifts when they were little on the grounds that they needed to keep their money more than you needed the trifle they may have bought? The fact that you were both in the military doesn't justify your response either. Fifty dollars may have meant a lot to him, but obviously he was buying something he really wanted—the knowledge that he had discharged his responsibility for his children's future through the continuation of *NR*. You deprived him of that satisfaction.

With the greatest respect,
Norma R. Lineberger
Fullerton, Calif.

Dear Miss Lineberger: You are 100 per cent correct, so much so that I have incorporated your reproach into my most recent speech. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You can't imagine my excitement upon reading, when you visited the *Titanic* in 1989, of your descent two and a half miles into the ocean! If only you hadn't come up.

Sincerely,
Thomas J. Sinsky
Madison, Wisc.

Dear Mr. Sinsky: Did you not know that I was irrepressible? Cordially, **—WFB**

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"We'd welcome your offer of knowhow, but please, no one from BCCI, the Big Five, Salomon Brothers . . ."

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ON THE SCENE

Advise and Obstruct

WILLIAM McGURN

Chris Miles

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IT'S 10:04 A.M. this Beltway Friday, and amid the crimson drapes and Corinthian columns of the Senate Caucus Room the members of the Judiciary Committee straggle in for their vote on Clarence Thomas's appointment to the Supreme Court. Over in the audience, the National Abortion Rights Action League's Kate Michelman tells two reporters she is holding out for a delay in the floor vote that would give Thomas opponents some time. Up in front, Committee Chairman Joseph Biden (D., Del.) enters the room fresh from a floor speech in which he came out against Thomas, thus injecting some life into the opposition. Just so nobody misses the point, Ralph Neas, the liberal white director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, is insisting to journalists around him that "This is not a done deal."

Well, yes and no. Although it will be almost three hours before they vote (each of the 14 committee members will first deliver himself of a lengthy speech), the outcome is already known: it will be 7 to 7, with Dennis DeConcini (D., Ariz.) siding with the six Republicans for Thomas. Early on, it looked as if the vote might be 9 to 5 or at least 8 to 6, but the announcement yesterday evening by Howell Heflin (D., Ala.) that he would oppose Thomas is probably what pushed Biden, who had voted for Thomas before, over with the rest of the Democrats. This in turn will make the upcoming floor debate more contentious. Still, barring a filibuster, by the time you are reading this Judge Thomas will be Justice Thomas.

For conservatives who watched Thomas squirm under the Judiciary Committee inquisition, the hearings appeared to be yet another triumph for the forces that have made the confirmation process such a farce. But the real story is the unraveling of the Bork legacy. Though Republicans cannot set the rules so long as they remain the minority, they are learning that they can beat the Democrats at their own game if they put their minds to it. And Democrats are learning that they are losing, not just in terms of affecting the composition of the Court, but in public opinion as well.

"The President learned the lessons of the past," says Terry Eastland, who was a Justice Department spokesman in the Reagan Administration. "When you hear Ralph Neas complaining about all the human-interest stories surrounding Clarence Thomas, he's speaking from the perspective of someone who's found himself anti-Borked."

In an ideal world, Presidents would pick Supreme Court Justices solely on the basis of their legal qualifications, and senators would put aside their ideology and vote for nominees who understand the separation of powers. The character assassination of Robert Bork was the Senate Democrats' declaration that they were no longer going to play by the rules.

Despite the importance of Bork's defeat, the Democrats have nonetheless failed to affect the direction of the Supreme Court. The reason is the Constitution. Whatever Joe Biden might say about restoring (redefining?) the "advise" leg of the Senate's constitutional obligation to "advise and consent" on Supreme Court nominees, the nomination power lies solely with the President. The result is that while the Senate can force changes in personnel it cannot change the drift of the Court; Anthony Kennedy and David Souter vote more or less the way Bork would have voted on most issues. And the Democrats have to start asking themselves whether they want to invest so much of their capital in a losing enterprise.

This is especially true now that the Republicans have learned the rules, and—more important—the public is wearying of Democratic inquisitions. An ABC news poll after the hearings found that support for Thomas among blacks as well as whites remained largely unchanged by the hearings. And the changes that did occur were remarkable. Before the hearings, a substantial majority of Americans thought Thomas should answer questions on abortion. After listening to his explanation to the Judiciary Committee, however, 61 per cent agreed that he shouldn't have to discuss his views and some 85 per cent said that his views on abortion should not be the deciding factor. Even a survey of Washington political consultants taken by Fox TV listed Joe Biden as the worst Democrat, based on his TV appearance.

Nonetheless, so long as Democrats remain the majority the game will be run according to their rules. The Senate Democrats, who control 50 per

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

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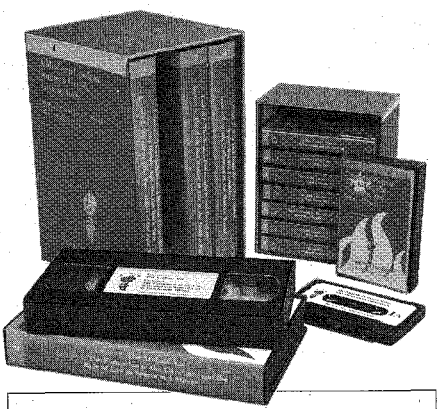

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cent of the process, will continue to be formidable. But the White House has to remember it controls the other 50 per cent—and use it. In the case of Clarence Thomas, the Bush Administration was quite effective, thumping for him at every opportunity and making sure Cabinet officers talked him up in their speeches around the country. Had Ronald Reagan shown the commitment to Robert Bork that George Bush has shown to Clarence Thomas, Bork might be on the bench. "It can't get worse for the nominee," says Bob Destro, a former member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, who himself went through the wringer for his appointment. "The senators have shown their true colors and they've lost the American people. The only way for Presidents to win is to stand up for their nominees and take their case to the people."

Nominees, particularly judicial nominees, simply cannot do the political work themselves. Bill Lucas was sent up early in the Bush Administration and told he had to hold the line on civil rights with no room to maneuver; he executed his assignment faithfully and was predictably shot down by the Democrats. (What made it worse was that the Administration, after denying Lucas any wiggle room, backtracked on these same civil-rights decisions.) Private efforts are also important. Although Brent Bozell's TV ads blasting Senators Biden, Cranston, and Kennedy were attacked even by the Administration, they may have served as a shot across the bows. "Any time the opposition cries 'low blow' it means you won," says Destro.

Clearly the Democrats—who have not had the opportunity to appoint a Supreme Court Justice in 24 years—are frustrated by the Court's drift to the right. By making it clear, moreover, that their opposition to Thomas is based on his refusal to answer questions about *Roe* v. *Wade*, they have shown that they are wedded to abortion on demand above all other considerations, even civil rights. And so long as it's their Senate, Republicans will have to play their game. □

The Peace of Kuwait

IAN ALEXANDER

Roberto Parada

KUWAIT CITY

"THE PEACE of God, which passeth all understanding . . ." Those words, uttered by the Italian priest at the close of Easter Mass in Kuwait's small cathedral on March 31, sounded poignantly appropriate. Today, they seem far distant, after six months of halting, often heartless attempts to rebuild after Saddam Hussein's oppression.

It had been a particularly harrowing ordeal for those who had stayed through the Iraqi occupation—including many of the four hundred parishioners who were of perhaps 15 nationalities. Palestinian managers had tried to protect the business establishments of their Kuwaiti owners, most of whom were outside the country. Indian and Filipino laborers and servants had striven to maintain their employers' factories and homes intact.

Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Middle East.

The faithful had regularly gathered at the church, as had their Moslem counterparts at mosques throughout the city, to assure one another that they were still alive, as much as to pray. On that Easter day, there was fresh hope that Kuwait would become once again a prosperous and peaceful country. Non-Kuwaitis—treated as inferiors, although they outnumbered Kuwaiti citizens—were still willing to accept that status in exchange for solid employment in a country where there was little risk beyond the possibility that biennial leave might be postponed for an additional year.

The hope of Easter has not been sustained. Kuwait is in political and social turmoil. Dangerously symptomatic is the regime's recent request to the American and British governments to maintain military establishments on Kuwaiti territory. Only the uninitiated could believe the request was made for regional security reasons: Kuwait's rulers, simply put, are afraid of their own citizens and of the numerous foreign residents.

In the words of one senior Western diplomat, "The Kuwaitis have lived too well, too long. Now, they must make hard choices, and I am not at all sure they are up to it." More than fifty years of extraordinary wealth have created a cradle-to-grave security for Kuwaiti citizens that gives many a careless attitude bordering on sloth. Handed everything from free education and medical care to home loans that need not be repaid, most Kuwaitis didn't care that, at the last parliamentary elections, only 32,000 of more than 600,000 citizens had the franchise.

But war and occupation have changed such attitudes, radically. Kuwaitis who had been herded into second- or third-class citizenship are no longer docilely accepting the rule of the house of Al Sabah. Partially understood but vehemently enunciated demands for democracy resound in all-but-unheard-of political gatherings.

The ruling family appears incapable of grasping the frustration and disgust. One prominent dissident put it this way last April: "Can you imagine Charles de Gaulle marching down the Champs Elysées three weeks after the Nazi invaders left Paris? Of course not. But we Kuwaitis had to wait that long for the privilege of our Emir to return."

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Both the Emir and his half-brother the Prime Minister have been unduly cautious in their efforts to get the society and economy moving again. It has taken them seven months—with urging unstinting by the country's merchant families to appoint a committee to assess war damages, and thus reimburse businessmen for millions in lost buildings and inventories. Enterprising businessmen have resorted to making their own videotape records of damages and starting repairs sufficient to get back into operation, with no guarantee that reimbursement will ever be forthcoming.

"Emergency" repair and recovery efforts for the oilfields, absolutely critical to the one-product economy, have been repeatedly hobbled by insistence that multimillion-dollar contracts be subjected to a lengthy competitive-bidding process that might save a few thousand dollars—in the context of a financial and ecological disaster that has seen more than $100 million daily burn into the atmosphere. Informed observers ranging from Red Adair to U.S. Army Corps of Engineers professionals are incredulous. Said one American firefighting supervisor, "Nero could not have been so thoughtless of what was happening to Rome, as the Kuwaiti establishment appears to be to their national heritage. My disgust is only surpassed by my desire to earn the salary this job brings with it."

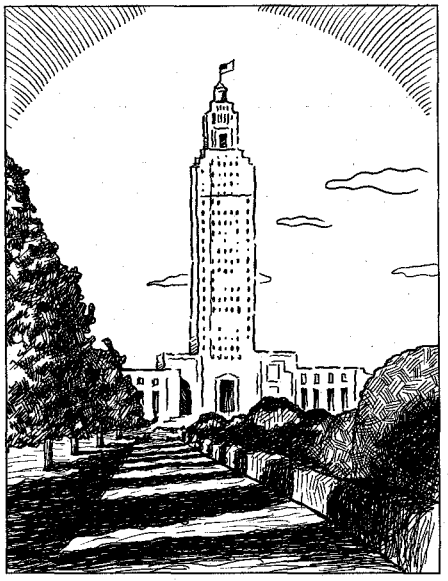
Worst off are the Palestinians. Although stories abound of courageous efforts by Palestinians to preserve the assets of their Kuwaiti employers, the PLO's support of Saddam Hussein embittered most Kuwaitis so thoroughly that they are making life intolerable for their Palestinian residents.

Debris of war and other garbage had been assiduously collected from the entire city by the end of April—except for one area, the Palestinian neighborhood of Halawi. Finally, in August, city work crews started a half-hearted effort to clean the area. Furthermore, Palestinian employees in government agencies had not been paid as of the end of August, although Kuwaiti workers were receiving salaries regularly. The Palestinians were told that they could either keep working or lose their jobs. The Palestinian population, which was over 400,000 before August 2, 1990, stood at 250,000 and is steadily decreasing as Palestinians pack and leave for an uncertain future in tense, strife-ridden Jordan.

Bad enough in human-rights terms, the situation presents Western and Arab allies alike with a deeply troubling security situation. The hopeful mood of Easter seems very distant indeed these days in Kuwait. □

The Lull within the Lull

BEN C. TOLEDANO



John Michaud

NEW ORLEANS

IN Louisiana, gubernatorial elections are held, appropriately, in odd-numbered years. In a state given to extremes, whether in politics or in the gratification of the five senses, the race for governor has traditionally been a circus act worthy of the big tent.

For the first time in recent memory, this year's event is a dismal bore. Many Louisianians had hoped for some relief from the state's stupefied condition; instead, they find themselves in a lull within the lull.

It hasn't been all dullness in "the land of dreamy dreams." For the first time in America's history, a sitting federal judge has been convicted of taking a bribe in a case before him. Meanwhile, "Reverend" Jimmy Swaggart was sued for $90 million by "Reverend" Marvin Gorman for destroying Gorman's "ministry" by circulating rumors about Gorman's extramarital liaisons. The jury awarded Gorman $10 million. (Had I represented Swaggart, I would have argued that he was actually complimenting Gorman by Swaggart's own standards.) But none of the interest has been supplied by the governor's race.

One reason is that none of the candidates—incumbent Governor Buddy Roemer, three-time former Governor Edwin Edwards, former Grand Wizard David Duke, Congressman Clyde Holloway, and several minor players—has adequate campaign money. People who in the past could contribute millions of dollars are struggling to avoid foreclosures and bankruptcies. In 1983, Edwards spent $13 million and David Treen spent $6 million. In the present campaign, Roemer has raised less than $2 million and Edwards less than $1 million.

Party primaries were eliminated in Louisiana in 1975 because Democrats did not want to have to run in a general election after a primary and a runoff. The few Republicans at that time did not challenge the change. As things now stand, all candidates, regardless of party affiliation or lack of it, run in a single race and, if one doesn't receive a majority of the votes, the top two vote-getters have a runoff.

Buddy Roemer served in Congress as a Democrat, Boll Weevil variety, was elected governor as a Democrat, and changed his registration to Republican during the fourth year of his term. It was a good move for him, the consideration always foremost if not alone in his mind. Like so many physically small and often Southern politicians, he has national political aspirations. He decided, correctly I believe, that the national Democratic Party would be of no use to him in the future. Never mind he to it. What natural constituency he has is made up of white, middle- and upper-middle-class Republicans. Yuppies have an easy time identifying with him. Additionally, Roemer knew that if he didn't change his registration, the Republicans would be forced to field a strong, adequately financed candidate against him, probably knocking him out of a

Mr. Toledano has run for Mayor of New Orleans and the U.S. Senate.

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runoff. Whereas if he did change, the Bush Administration could take credit for a giant step within the Southern Strategy, and "Buddy Roe" could get the full support of the White House. The deal was cut.

Roemer, the Emile Coué of Louisiana politics, is smart, egotistical, and a master of autosuggestion. His modus is to make things better by saying they're better. He wants to be perceived as pro-environment, business, education, fiscal responsibility, and campaign reform. Never mind the increase in state employees, the $2.5-billion budget increase, the forthcoming $800-million deficit, and the critical problems in the quality of education from grade one through college. When he ran for governor last time, he was committed to no new taxes; immediately upon being sworn into office he raised the sales tax on food and utilities from one cent to three cents on the dollar. But he gave an absolute commitment that the increase would last only one year. That was over three years ago. Roemer has done more to improve Louisiana's image in the rest of the country than any other governor in almost forty years. How that translates into actual progress for the state is difficult to evaluate.

State Representative David Duke is also running as a registered Republican. A year ago, over six hundred thousand people (44 per cent of those who went to the polls) voted for Duke for the U.S. Senate against longtime incumbent Bennett Johnston. Why would anyone vote for Duke for any office? His KKK background is well known. Even his own campaign literature can't be any more specific about his occupation than "internationally published author," lecturer, and State Representative. Duke is surely a press-made person, someone who, if he had been ignored, would be no bigger than a wart on a gnat's posterior.

Yet David Duke has become a significant factor in Louisiana and beyond. Even George Bush, on a good day, would have difficulty finding fault with Duke's platform: "no tax increases; balance the budget; reduce the size of government; get tough on crime; reform the welfare system; end unjust affirmative action and quotas; reform education; protect the environment; and care for the senior citizen." The problem is not with the proposals but with the proponent. But there are lots of angry, frustrated, and undiscerning people who are desperate for a spokesman, even if it's David Duke.

The candidate whose presence in the race most hurts Duke is the same candidate whom the White House strategists originally busted their guts to keep out. Congressman Clyde Holloway, the only legitimate Republican in the race, is running in large part because Roemer wouldn't commit himself to reducing sales taxes and to signing the anti-abortion legislation passed by the State House and Senate. Anti-abortion hard-liners helped Roemer get elected governor. Once in, he ended up vetoing a bill he had previously said he could sign. In so doing, he sewed up the votes of the pro-choicers. Roemer's move has been described as "smart."

Holloway has the official endorsement of the Republican Party of Louisiana, for what little that's worth. He also has the support of every pro-life religious fundamentalist who finds Duke unacceptable. But he is not supported by his three fellow Republican Louisiana congressman, the White House, or Republican former Governor David Treen. Treen said he was sorry not to endorse Holloway but chose Roemer because of his four years of experience in the office. Treen said: "There's a lot of learning in this governorship; you all observed me trying to learn." Should the job really take eight years to learn?

IT IS probable that those same White House strategists who wanted Holloway out now want him to stay in, or maybe I'm giving them too much credit. Were Holloway to pull out, Duke would be the beneficiary. But if Holloway had the financial support to wage a real campaign, his presence in the race would take support away from Roemer. Legitimate conservatives who can't vote for Duke would vote for Holloway and not for Roemer if they believed Holloway had a chance. It's one heckuva pickle.

It seems unlikely that Holloway's campaign will be permitted to make much progress. At a recent New Orleans Press Club luncheon for the candidates, I was handed a stack of papers by a Holloway worker. They proved to have nothing to do with Holloway. All seven pages had to do with the various chairmen in his campaign, one of whom was identified as a member of the "Million Dollar Round Table." He is not likely to work at odds with the White House people who are supporting Roemer. Strange bedfellows make politics.

In 1988, Roemer, when pressed by the press, finally admitted that he was voting for Dukakis for President. The presence of Quayle on the Republican ticket was the deciding factor, Roemer said. This September 3 the White House announced that "President Bush will come to Louisiana to campaign for Governor Roemer this month, a week after Vice President Quayle is scheduled to visit." Bedfellows make strange politics.

The lone Democratic contender is former Governor Edwin Edwards. In attempting to write about him, I am reminded of a toast I witnessed to a five-time-married *femme fatale*. "What can I say about Georgia?" asked the toaster. That was it. For the purposes of this article, suffice it to say that Edwards is a man of charm, intelligence, and ability who has had his integrity seriously questioned many more times than Georgia was married. Many people believe that his leadership quality is second to none in Louisiana if he could only lead in the right direction. Could he change if given another opportunity? More likely than not he wouldn't. He would have to find a whole new set of friends and maybe a whole new set of genes and neither would occur.

Edwards *has* changed in ways that are not helpful to him as a politician. He has lost much of his flippant, engaging pizazz; he has made the fatal mistake of becoming serious-minded. Can he win? Actually, the votes are there if he could raise enough money to get them to the polls. A coalition made up of schoolteachers and other union members, blue-collar workers, blacks, the courthouse gangs, and possibly rural right-to-lifers could do it.

Duke's support is hard but, we must hope, insufficient in numbers. Roemer's support is soft, of the variety of, Where else is there to go? Edwards's support has become fragmented during the past four years and will be difficult to regroup. Holloway, the least tarnished of the bunch, is not a factor and is unlikely to become one.

I can't speak for people in other states, but, in Louisiana, it's no wonder that what believers there are go to church and not to the polls. □

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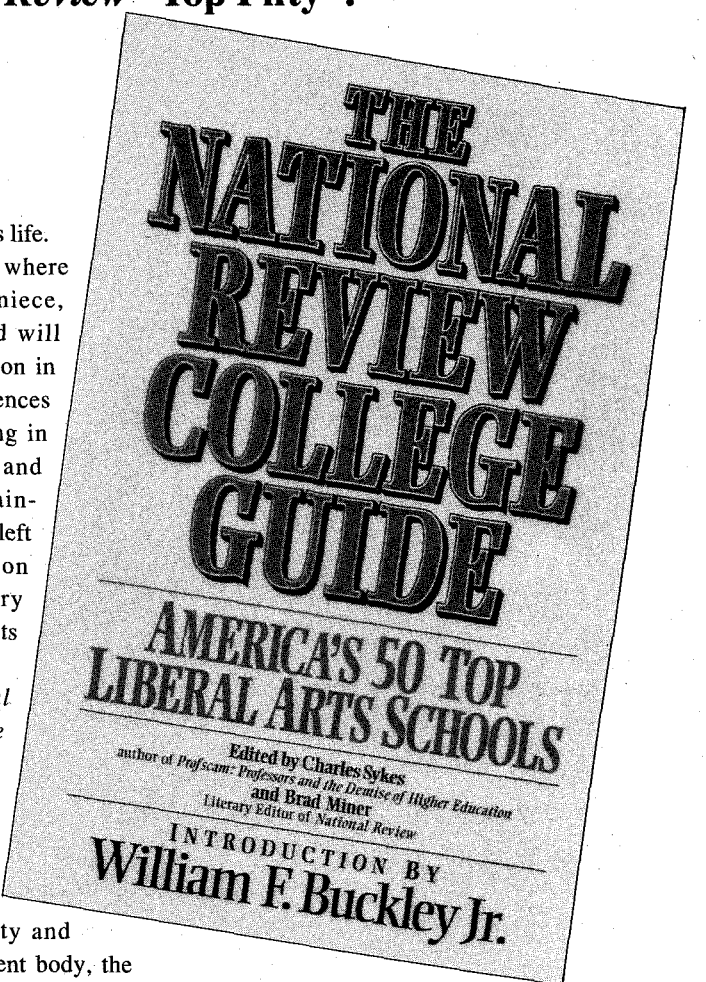
The National Review College Guide


THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
AMERICA'S 50 TOP LIBERAL ARTS SCHOOLS
Edited by Charles Sykes
author of Profscam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education
and Brad Miner
Literary Editor of National Review
INTRODUCTION BY
William F. Buckley Jr.

We'll get the bad part over with fast. Things are pretty bad on some campuses. There are no more course-distribution requirements — anything goes.

There is no core curriculum — because there is no core of common values on which to base one. There is cynicism in the classroom about the Western tradition and American values. And if all this isn't bad enough, there are curbs on free expression — it's better not to voice your views on certain subjects unless your opinions are "politically correct." You might flunk. You could become an outcast...or even be expelled.

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help

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"Honest—some of my best friends are conservative. I just wouldn't want my Senate to confirm *one!"*

The Tension Mounts

Harkin makes the horses bolt;
Tsongas seems about to molt;
Wilder's getting Jesse sore;
Clinton is a crashing bore;
Kerrey doesn't get a *b-a-a*
From the sheep in Omaha;
Cuomo gives the guys a hand,
Incognito, from a stand.

W. H. VON DREELE

"About this string-quartet album you selected. I feel obliged to tell you—the night it was recorded there was frenzied dancing in the aisles and several people were arrested for disorderly conduct."

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OKAY... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... THE RECESSION IS GORBACHEV, THE RECOVERY IS YELTSIN, UNEMPLOYMENT IS THE BALTICS AND CRIME AND DRUGS ARE SADDAM HUSSEIN...
?
DOMESTIC AGENDA
WALT HANDELSMAN
©1991 THE TIMES-PICAYUNE/THE NEWS SERVICE

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
THIS IS CAPTAIN GORBACHEV... WE'RE BEGINNING OUR FINAL DESCENT, SO, ON BEHALF OF OUR ENTIRE FLIGHT CREW, I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN OUR PLEASURE SERVING YOU, AND HOPE THAT IF YOUR FUTURE PLANS CALL FOR INEFFICIENT, CENTRALIZED, SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT,... YOU'LL THINK OF US...

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Inside the Enigma

THE ODD COUPLE

As Yeltsin maneuvers to keep the Kremlin weak and Gorbachev tries to regain power from the republics, the West must decide which horse to back—and how heavily. Meanwhile, if autumn comes, is winter far behind?

PETER W. RODMAN

MOSCOW in September had the air of a big liquidation sale. The Russian Republic and the Moscow City Soviet had been seizing buildings and assets of the Communist Party. On the Arbat, the artsy-craftsy street where artists and souvenir-sellers hawk their wares, and in the Izmailovsky Park flea market, Communist Party memorabilia were being flogged as high camp. Red banners proclaiming the glories of Party work, Stalin images, military uniforms, pre-August flags of the Russian Republic (with the hammer and sickle), faded old photographs of Politburo members from the 1950s (I bought a set)—they were all there. One seller on the Arbat was using a Soviet flag as a tablecloth.

So the Empire was going out of business, in the most humiliating way. But paradoxically the atmosphere was one not of joy, but of dread. The economy was headed toward free-fall, and chaos spread around the Empire's periphery. And out of the rubble stepped phoenix-like the figure of—yes, Mikhail Gorbachev.

The man has more lives than a cat. On the face of it, on the day he returned from his captivity in the Crimea, he seemed doomed to irrelevance in a new political environment totally dominated by Boris Yeltsin. One of the striking facts emerging in the weeks since the August Revolution, however, is Gorbachev's ability to maneuver, yet again, into a seemingly indispensable role. It is, as before, a mixed blessing.

In at least two areas, Gorbachev and his shell of a central government have struggled to differentiate themselves. One is foreign policy; the other is the relationship among the fractious nationalities.

In foreign policy, the fine hand of Gorbachev and his advisors has been evident in restraining some of the initiatives of Yeltsin and of Andrei Kozyrev, the young Foreign Minister of the Russian Republic. Afghanistan is an example. Kozyrev, in an August 28 interview in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, called for the unilateral abandonment of Moscow's client, Najibullah. Najibullah was the main obstacle to a settlement, Kozyrev said; if Moscow was to head off the radical *mujahedin*, it would have to ditch Najibullah to open the way to a deal with the moderate elements in the resistance. A sound recommendation. Unfortunately, what emerged in Secretary Baker's September 13 accord with Soviet Foreign Minister Boris Pankin was something quite different—an agreement by *both* sides to cut off arms supplies to their respective clients.

This agreement spreads the risks equally on both sides. There are many Soviets who think Najibullah is doomed by it. ("Another casualty of the August Revolution," a headline in the liberal *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* called him.) But no one really knows. For the United States, the accord will bring to a head our conflict with the fundamentalists in the Afghan resistance and with those in the Pakistani military who have been funneling our arms to those fundamentalists. We are buying into a potential crisis in the resistance and into new complications in our relations with Pakistan (the latter already strained by a congressional ban on military aid due to Pakistan's nuclear program). The point here is that Kozyrev's more forthcoming position was obviously not reflected in Soviet policy.

On another issue—return of the Soviet-occupied Japanese Northern Territories—we saw the same phenomenon. When Yeltsin's aide Ruslan Khasbulatov visited Tokyo in early September, a forthcoming Russian offer was expected. In fact, I am reliably informed that Khasbulatov was armed with such an offer until pulled back at the last moment. Gorbachev's Foreign Ministry apparently cautioned the Russians that Yeltsin's right flank would be exposed if he gave away sacred Russian territory. Was this good cautionary advice—or was it

Mr. Rodman, now an NR *Senior Editor, was an official in the Reagan and Bush Administrations.*

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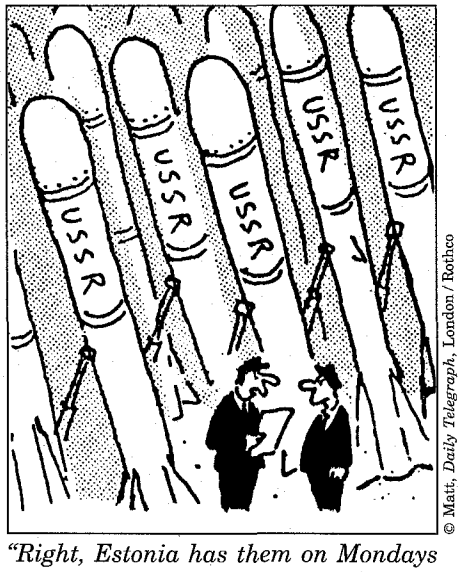
an implicit warning that Gorbachev could outflank Yeltsin on the right? Whatever it was, Yeltsin's envoy offered only a vague, multi-stage formula for changes in the islands' status geared to large infusions of aid (which the Japanese have never been eager to commit to, for economic reasons).

Some Soviet liberals minimize all this, saying it reflects Kozyrev's romanticism running into more sober realities. Pankin is by many accounts a decent man (his son-in-law is deputy editor of *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*). The trend in Soviet policy since August is advantageous enough to the West, reflecting the considerable weakening of hard-line restraints. But Gorbachev's role seems to be to revive, to a modest degree, those restraints.

Even more important is Gorbachev's exploitation of the now-widespread fear of Russia. As the Empire crumbles, the smaller republics feel they have a stake in the central government as a restraint on Russia's power. The new institutions proposed for the central government would maintain the pretense of equality; the republics would all have a voice in the exercise of the powers still vested in the central authority, in the economy as well as in national security (control over nuclear weapons, for example).



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"Right, Estonia has them on Mondays and Thursdays, Moldavia has them . . ."

Yeltsin and his associates, moreover, have made mistakes. Right after the coup, Russians cited the need for border changes to recover Russian-populated territory from the other republics; Yeltsin was also a little too eager to assert his own control over nuclear weapons. Khasbulatov in Tokyo treated the Soviet ambassador with disdain, saying he would serve only at Yeltsin's pleasure (a juicy anecdote gleefully served up by *Izvestia*, the central government's newspaper). Although Yeltsin has quickly backtracked and made heroic efforts to reassure the other nationalities, fear of Russia's dominance is inherent in the situation. Republics in Central Asia and even Byelorussia, which had never before shown interest in secession, have touted their sovereignty since the coup, if only for leverage in what shapes up as a grand negotiation with Russia. Gorbachev has set himself up as the defender of the smaller republics in a union ostensibly independent of Russian control.

E Pluribus What?

THE ARRANGEMENT is in Yeltsin's interest too, however. Russian democrats seem to want some unity to be preserved, on a voluntary basis, to whatever extent possible. To that end, the shell of an independent central government and its reassurance to the smaller republics is a price Russia is willing to pay. To the new men brought forth by the August Revolution, the growing anarchy around the periphery of the former Soviet Union is a preoccupation as great as the economic crisis. They are the first to acknowledge that the union as it used to be—the unity imposed by totalitarian brutality—is part of the cause of the present headlong rush to independence. But they profoundly fear the anarchy that now impends—as a threat to Russian democracy itself.

The varieties of conflicts seem endless. There is the Armenian–Azerbaijani feud over Nagorno-Karabakh. There is the rise of crypto-fascist nationalism in Georgia and to some degree in Azerbaijan. There are 25 million Russians stranded in other republics. There is the potential drift of Muslim Central Asia into an Islamic alignment, wooed by Iran. There are peoples deported by Stalin from their homelands (such as the Crimean Tatars) demanding repatriation or compensation and rejecting compromises. There is economic warfare among the republics as they withhold their valuable products—food or energy—to hoard or to bargain with. The Ukraine—perhaps the most crucial republic after Russia itself—will hold a referendum on December 1 to decide its course, a decision that could portend civil war within the Ukraine and/or a major crisis with Russia.

What is the West's interest in all of this? A cold-blooded geopolitical analysis would hold that the disintegration of our adversary is a triumph for us, indeed a necessity, which we should not mourn. Ten years from now, Russia is bound to be back on its feet and dominant in its sphere; the concentration of power that the Soviet Union represented will be reconstructed in a different form, de-Communized, to be sure, but impelled by nationalism and indeed by its own geopolitical necessity to impose discipline around its periphery. But, for the present, the Russian democrats' dilemma is to a considerable extent ours as well. Chaos in the Muslim republics could spill over into the Islamic Middle East, exacerbating radical trends in the region just when hopes for peace have been raised by American success in the Gulf War. Chaos west of the Urals could spill over into Eastern Europe, dragging the new democracies of Eastern and Central Europe down with the Soviet Empire, precipitating a European crisis just when the dream of long-term peace in Europe seems to have been realized. Anarchy could indeed play into the hands of the primitive xenophobic forces that still remain in Russian society, challenging the fragile democracy that today acts as the restraint on that very Russian nationalism.

The Western interest would seem to be served best by a loose confederation that contained the centrifugal forces in democratic fashion and that was structurally incapable of threatening others. Russian democrats accordingly ask Americans to condition our policy toward the other republics (recognition and aid) on, first, de-

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mocratization and, second, their remaining in the confederation. It is a plausible case, weakened only by the touching quality of their faith that American policy can make that much difference, and perhaps also by the ultimate elusiveness, to put it charitably, of their hope that the union can be held together at all on a voluntary basis. Yeltsin, on his recent peace mission to Nagorno-Karabakh, is said to have warned the contending parties gently that if they did not settle their differences peacefully, Russian power remained in the background as a last resort.

Placing Our Bets

EITHER WAY, the present duumvirate may be the best arrangement. Yeltsin probably does need Gorbachev—at least a Gorbachev who is not trying to obstruct all his moves. The center does retain some value as a reassurance to the other republics. But Gorbachev remains widely mistrusted. His plan to pump up his power by direct popular election is a bad idea. If Yeltsin has made mistakes, Russian democrats tell me, their task (and ours) is to modulate Yeltsin—not to waste time with the discredited Gorbachev. The Bush Administration's eagerness to see unity preserved is now less wrong a policy than it was before August. But the only man who can hold it together on a legitimate basis is Yeltsin—cutting his deals, reassuring his partners, struggling to calm ethnic tensions—not the slippery Union president who bungled these issues royally when he had control.

The Administration hasn't done so badly since the coup. Much good will was earned by our support for Yeltsin during the siege (including food brought into the Russian White House by sympathetic U.S. Embassy staffers). But it would help to have the analysis right. The continuing denigration of Yeltsin in press backgrounders from our own White House after the coup was not only impolitic; it was a bet on the wrong horse. Certainly we all owe Gorbachev a great debt. He will go down in history as the man who destroyed the Communist system (even though he did it by mistake). But for all his skillful maneuvering, Gorbachev, in a deeper sense, is still a man who has been overtaken by events, historically and morally. Yeltsin, the hero of August, holds the key to the future. □

WHEN WINTER COMES

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

MOSCOW—At night, the Hotel Rossiya presents a scene from *The Third Man*: black-marketeers, hard-currency whores, security men checking the papers of those trying to get through to its bars, restaurants, and Western clients. It is hard to believe that this seedy and sinister tableau from postwar Berlin or Vienna is to be found today a stone's throw from Red Square.

But the Rossiya is just one sign of a corrupt and decaying society. Down at the Arbat market, as Peter Rodman notes above, you can buy genuine Red Army uniforms, up to the rank of general. Taxi-drivers reject the ruble. And street repairs drag on endlessly, so that Moscow is pitted with muddy intersections.

"This is the first society," says a Sovietologist in Moscow, "that bases its economy on the Law of Reduction of Value." He cites a factory in the provinces that makes steel ingots which are worth less than the cost of the raw materials. Since there is no market for them, the finished ingots are loaded onto barrows and wheeled round to the factory entrance where they are manufactured all over again. Hence the Law: production adds value under capitalism, but subtracts value in a mature socialist economy.

The failed coup was the death-throe of this system, a final attempt to make a dead horse run by flogging it. But while the old society is dying, the new one cannot be born. There are no institutions of civil society, no agreed basis of cooperation between the republics, not even a pricing system that would make economic calculation possible. And there is the entrenched Soviet bureaucracy, demoralized but still in place, especially in small towns, to obstruct the birth of anything hopeful.

Amid these ruins, a battle is being fought between those who want to keep some sort of center and those determined to sweep away any vestige of the *nomenklatura*. It emerged unexpectedly at a lunch held by ICRET, the International Commission for Research into Economic Transformation, a free-market think-tank and thus a stronghold of anti-center sentiment. At the lunch was the Russian Republic's Minister of Labor, Aleksandr Shokhin, who denounced an attempt by Soviet authorities, namely the Committee for the Management of the National Economy (CMNE), to recover control over Russian enterprises and energy resources.

These resources had already changed hands twice in previous weeks. "If this goes on," said Mr. Shokhin, "production will fall dramatically . . . and we shall not survive the winter." And as John Lloyd pointed out in the *Financial Times*, the dispute was further complicated because Ivan Silayev was both the Russian prime minister who had drafted the take-over decrees and the chairman of the CMNE seeking to rescind them.

Shortly before leaving for an emergency Russian cab-

Mr. O'Sullivan is NR*'s Editor.*

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inet meeting, Mr. Shokhin took time to criticize the Yavlinsky plan for centralized economic reform as unrealistic and unacceptable to the republics. This was significant because the Yavlinsky plan is an attempt by a respected free-market economist, Grigory Yavlinsky, now deputy chairman of the CMNE, to get the republics to sign onto a coordinated move to a single tariff-free Union with a common currency, a common banking system (complete with Federal Reserve), and common labor and social standards.

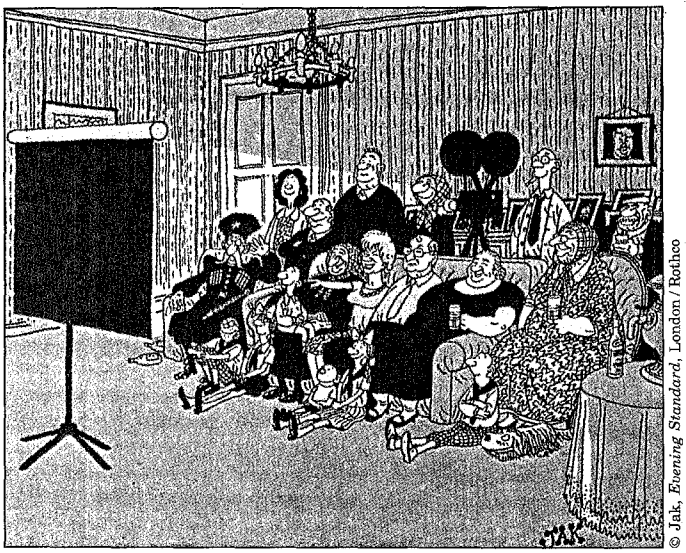
But the discussion that followed Shokhin's departure held no comfort for supporters of the center. All present, many of them personal friends of Yavlinsky, were opposed to his plan. It represented, they thought, one last attempt by the center to retain power; it did not take enough account of the rising tide of nationalism in the republics; and it was inherently flawed. The plan relied on the bureaucracy to implement market reforms when the bureaucracy was undyingly hostile to such reforms and would do all in its power to sabotage them.

What argument there was took place between adherents of two different methods of destroying the bureaucracy and "Soviet power." There were those—like Anatoly Chubais, economic advisor to Anatoly Sobchak, the Mayor of St. Petersburg—who saw the future as one in which the centralized bureaucracy would be thrust to the sidelines while Russia negotiated a series of economic agreements with other republics. On the other side were those who wanted no agreement at all—characterized as "super-liberals" by Mr. Chubais—because they thought that the bureaucracy could be broken only by a winter collapse that would finally rob it of patronage and control. Only then could the building of a post-Communist society begin in earnest.

Somber Silence

AS THIS SUGGESTS, the mood in Moscow is hardly the joyous celebration of liberty detected by Ambassador Strauss. It is altogether more somber. There is a widespread feeling that, after seventy years of self-destruction, anything home-grown is likely to fail, and a corresponding willingness to see "the West" as a source of solutions. An advisor to Boris Yeltsin suggested at the ICRET lunch that in time Russia should be admitted to NATO in order to ensure the stability of the former territories of the USSR. No one thought this an outlandish proposal. It seemed merely a distant prospect when the crisis was all too close.

There was, perhaps for the same reason, a large turnout of Russian and other political parties for the conference on "Building the Foundations of Political Pluralism" put on by the National Republican Institute for International Affairs. This was a practical course in the political skills and organizational techniques required for democracy as understood by Roger Ailes, as well as by Thomas Jefferson: how to identify your potential supporters, how to establish a grass-roots political party, how to conduct an opinion poll, how to speak on television, and so on.



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". . . and this is where Mikhail gets seized by the KGB."

An exercise in condescension? Not so. The eighty or so Russians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Georgians, and Ukrainians present were sophisticated at the level of political theory but quite willing to admit their innocence in the practicalities. For their part, the U.S. political consultants brought over by the Republicans were engagingly candid about all aspects of the political process, negative campaigning as well as constitutional reform. The result was occasionally comic, as when novice Soviet politicians took careful notes while former RNC Chairman Frank Fahrenkopf gleefully recounted how the TV spot on pollution in Boston Harbor had deterred the Democrats from launching an attack on Bush's environmental record.

Would such candor make the new democrats somewhat cynical? I raised the point with some of the novices but was told that politics was, after all, a struggle for power, and that such tactics paled in comparison with the practices of non-democratic politics. And of course, the *nomenklatura*, with its own access to techniques of manipulation, still has to be dealt with.

Perhaps the most important lesson that the Republicans have to teach is their own ability to maintain a reasonable facsimile of unity in a party that spans a continent and several social classes. The Russian delegates alone were divided among eight different parties (grouped, admittedly, under the umbrella of the Democratic Russia Movement). Outside the conference there are—calculations differ—between thirty and ninety new parties. They are separated by deep divisions of mistrust. The most commonly asked question in future elections will be: "What did you do in the Great Terror, comrade?" With the result, as in Eastern Europe, that the first generation of democratic politicians is likely to be decimated by scandal and resignation. And as Vladimir Bukovsky has pointed out, the Russian democrats are largely drawn from an intelligentsia that has few links with the mass of industrial workers and so, unlike Solidarity in Poland, little basis for asking them to make economic sacrifices in the common good.

And winter is icumen in. □

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The Gun-Control Lobby

HOW TO MAKE THEIR DAY

Here are a few things we all know about handguns: they are useless for self-defense; their owners are more likely to kill relatives than assailants; they tempt the law-abiding to violence. False, false, and false.

DON B. KATES JR. & PATRICIA TERRELL HARRIS

ADVOCATES of gun control generally represent the debate as one between cool, rational defenders of civil order and ignorant rednecks inspired by half-acknowledged prejudices. In fact social-science research is increasingly on the side of the "rednecks." And the arguments for banning guns are mostly myths.*

Myth #1: Most murderers are ordinary, law-abiding citizens, who kill a relative or acquaintance in a moment of anger only because a gun is available. In fact, every study of homicide shows the overwhelming majority of murderers are career criminals, people with lifelong histories of violence, sometimes irrational, sometimes acquisitive. The typical murderer has a prior criminal history averaging at least six years, with four major felony arrests. He also is likely to be a substance abuser with a record of traffic and/or gun accidents. Indeed, even people who *accidentally* kill with guns tend to have similar felony records and histories of substance abuse and auto accidents. In short, these are aberrant people characterized by a consistent indifference to human life (including their own).

Our present laws acknowledge this by banning gun ownership by ex-felons, juveniles, and the mentally impaired. These restrictions fail not because they are too narrow, but because they are inadequately enforced.

Myth #2: The public supports "gun control." Fifty per cent of American householders have guns, and 78 per cent of all Americans say in national surveys that they would use a gun for self-defense. Americans do support prudent controls on access to guns (e.g., by ex-felons), but groups advocating "gun control" want much broader prohibitions. For example, Handgun Control Inc. (HCI), which claims to support only moderate controls, considers moderate the gun-control laws in Washington, D.C. That city has effectively outlawed self-defense with guns. It prohibits handgun sales, and allows hunters to have rifles and shotguns only if kept unloaded and disassembled.

While Americans support gun registration in opinion polls, abstract endorsement becomes fanatical opposition when HCI and even more extreme supporters of registration avow (or are forced to admit) that it is only a first step toward their goal of confiscation. HCI-backed proposals to ban handgun sales and confiscate all handguns were rejected even in two of the most liberal states, California in 1982 and Massachusetts in 1976.

Myth #3: Gun owners are ignorant rednecks given to senseless violence. Studies consistently show that, on the average, gun owners are better educated and have more prestigious jobs than non-owners. To judge by their applications for permits to carry guns at all times, the following are (or were) gun owners: Eleanor Roosevelt, Joan Rivers, Dianne Feinstein, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Sid Caesar, John Lindsay, Robert Goulet, Leland DuPont, Arthur Godfrey, Michael Korda, Henry Cabot Lodge, Sammy Davis Jr., Lyman Bloomingdale, Donald Trump, John Foster Dulles, and John, Laurance, David, Winthrop, and Nelson Rockefeller.

An early academic analysis (still relied upon by gun-control advocates) that labeled gun owners "violence prone" turns out to have been based on survey questions that addressed only willingness to come to the aid of crime victims. In other words, the analyst confused good citizenship with violence. Later surveys show that gun owners are *less* likely than non-owners to approve of police brutality, violence against dissenters, etc.

Myth #4: Protection against crime is the job of the police. Slogans like "To protect and serve" contribute to the

*Those interested in further exploring these issues should refer to the just-published definitive work, *Point Blank: Guns and Violence in America* (1991) by Gary Kleck. See also, Kates, "The Value of Civilian Arms Possession as a Deterrent to Crime or Defense against Crime," in *American Journal of Criminal Law*, Vol. 18, #3 (1991).

Mr. Kates, a criminologist and constitutional lawyer, is the editor of Firearms and Violence: Issues of Public Policy *and author of "Guns, Murders, and the Constitution," both available from the Pacific Research Institute. Miss Harris, a medical editor living in northern New Jersey, is a past contributor to Handgun Control Inc.*

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false impression that the main function of the police is to protect individuals. But the U.S. has only five hundred thousand police officers; dividing that number by three shifts per day, and adjusting for vacation leave, desk duty, etc., leaves only about 75,000 police on patrol at any one time to protect 250 million Americans. Their numbers are wholly inadequate to provide individual protection to everyone.

Myth #5: The Second Amendment protects only the states' right to arm a militia. This interpretation appeared only in the twentieth century. Significantly, the two earliest commentaries on the Second Amendment, which were before Congress when it passed the Bill of Rights, described it as guaranteeing to the people "their right to keep and bear their *private* arms" (Tinch Coxe) and "their *own* arms" (Sam Adams) (emphasis added).

The Founders were well aware of Aristotle's dictum that free governments rest on free men armed, while basic to tyranny is "mistrust of the people; hence they deprive them of arms." To James Madison, author of the Second Amendment, "The advantage that the Americans have over every other nation is that they are armed."

The Founders put today's NRA mossbacks to shame. "One loves to possess arms," Thomas Jefferson wrote to George Washington on June 19, 1796. On another occasion, Jefferson wrote his 15-year-old nephew: "Games played with the ball, and others of that nature, are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind. [But the gun] gives boldness, enterprise, and independence to the mind. Let your gun therefore be the companion of your walks."

Myth #6: Guns are not useful for self-defense. Advocates of gun control have been so certain of this that they have paid for several national surveys to prove it. Awkwardly, every study has shown the opposite: handguns are used more often in repelling crimes than in committing them. While handguns are used in about 581,000 crimes yearly, they are used to repel about 645,000 crimes.

A related argument is that handguns kill six (or even 42) times as many household members as burglars. This comparison is deceptive on several grounds. First, about half of shootings by one spouse or the other are *defensive*—killings of homicidal husbands by victimized wives. So it misleadingly characterizes many cases in which guns *save* innocent lives as gun murders.

Also, by focusing on homes the statistic excludes the numerous instances in which shopkeepers kill robbers. When the number of shopkeepers and abused wives who shoot criminals is counted, the figure for defensive killings increases by about 1,000 per cent.

HCI harps on fatal accidents and murders in the home without mentioning that the former are generally perpetrated by irresponsible aberrants and the latter overwhelmingly so. Disarming the more than 98 per cent of

gun owners who are law-abiding and responsible will not disarm the 2 per cent of aberrants. Even if it did, lack of handguns would not prevent the killing of wives and children with other weapons (like the knife or the far deadlier shotgun).

Perhaps the most disingenuous ploy is to downplay suicides, which constitute the *majority* of household handgun deaths in the comparison. Even if we agree that stopping suicide is a legitimate use of state power, it is silly to argue that banning a single method would have a significant effect. The most obvious alternative, the long gun, is used in roughly 50 per cent of current gun suicides.

Myth #7: Resistance with a gun will get you injured or killed. According to gun-controllers, armed women frequently have their guns taken away and used against them. And so HCI advises submission: "The best way to keep you alive [is to] put up no defense—give them what they want or run." National victim data suggest otherwise. While victims resisting with knives, clubs, or bare hands are about twice as likely to be injured as those who submit (though far less likely to be raped or robbed), victims who resist with a gun are only half as likely to be injured as those who take HCI's advice. (We emphasize that a gun does not make resistance safe regardless of circumstances. Perhaps a person with the foresight to own a gun is more likely to have pondered in advance the question of when and how to resist.)

Myth #8: Other countries have reduced violence by banning guns. This claim *cannot* be true, since low European violence long *preceded* gun restriction.

Restrictive gun laws were largely pioneered, not in Europe, but in various high-violence American states, beginning in the late 1800s. The measures failed—violence rates continued to rise—and they were largely repealed after World War I. European gun bans began at about the same time ours were being repealed. Moreover, they were a response not to ordinary crime (which was low), but to the political crime and unrest of the era. Even as gun control failed to curb ordinary violence in this country, so the European countries that banned guns in response to political crime have nevertheless suffered far more such crime than has America. Ironically,

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the only "gun control" in place when English crime fell from its appalling late-eighteenth-century high to its idyllic early-twentieth century low was that the *police* could not carry guns. The inevitable conclusion is that the determinants of violence are socio-economic and cultural factors rather than the availability of any particular deadly instrument.

Moreover, the emphasis on changing gun laws is fundamentally diversionary. With prosecutors, judges, and prisons swamped by murderers, rapists, robbers, etc., the violence-prone know they risk very little real penalty for illegal possession of a gun. In the premier criminological study of gun-control enforcement, Bendis and Balkin conclude: "It is very possible that if gun laws do potentially reduce gun-related crime, the present laws are all that is needed if they are enforced. What good would stronger laws do when the courts have demonstrated that they will not enforce them?" □

Libertarians in the Race

THE PARTY'S OVER

Democrats are floundering; Republicans raised taxes. Can the Libertarians take advantage?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

ONE MONTH ago, Andre Marrou won the presidential nomination of the Libertarian Party, the third largest political party in America. Marrou believes that sometime in the next century, and sooner rather than later, the Libertarians will move up in the rankings. For now, he aims to top the party's best showing so far (920,000 votes in 1980), and he expects to do it, at least in part, with the help of Republicans unhappy with George Bush.

I talked with Marrou ten days after his victory at the party's Chicago convention. Marrou looks a bit like a bearded George McGovern. I found him—libertarians will excuse me—unexpectedly engaging and personable. Most libertarians, even those nominally in politics, present their beliefs in the manner of bright Catholic children of yore rattling off the Baltimore catechism. Marrou attempts to justify his ideas politically. Sometimes the justifications are fanciful, sometimes they are trenchant; sometimes they are both.

The most important plank of his campaign is repealing the income tax and abolishing the IRS. Such drastic steps are necessary because tax cuts and spending freezes don't do the job. "Both Ronald Reagan and George Bush were elected with a lot of libertarian rhetoric," Marrou said. Yet government keeps growing. "It's because of conservatives."

Marrou's second major plank is to reassert the Second Amendment. George Bush, he points out, is a life member of the NRA. But Marrou feels that Bush's compromises with supporters of the Brady bill represent as gross a betrayal of this affiliation as the budget deal did of his no-new-taxes pledge.

Marrou's third major plank is to treat drugs like guns. "Drugs are lifeless substances; guns are inanimate objects. They cannot be evil. The only thing that can be evil is a human being. . . . According to [former Surgeon General] Everett Koop, 71 per cent of drug-related deaths in America are caused by tobacco. What do Democrats and Republicans do about tobacco? They subsidize it. Twenty-eight per cent of drug-related deaths are caused by alcohol. Bush is spending billions to get rid of 1 per cent of the drug problem."

On other issues, he says what you would expect of a libertarian, often with some twist of his own. He and the party are pro-abortion; he advises abortion opponents that politics is a waste of their time, and that they ought to focus instead on making adoption easier, and on developing the technology of fetal transplantation—already used on cattle—for human beings. He decribes the immigration laws as "the most racist laws we have now," which, ironically, encourage permanent immigration by impending the easy back-and-forth flow of foreigners eager to make a buck and go home. He does not look forward to a unipolar world. America should defend only itself, perhaps by flying Boeing 747s armed with cruise missiles up and down the borders. We might not even need an Air Force, since they could be flown by off-duty United Airlines pilots.

Back from the Wilderness

MARROU was born in South Texas and went to MIT, where he was in ROTC and the Pershing Rifles. He claims to be "one of the few Americans who will admit he voted for Dick Nixon twice." Nixon "really disappointed me. He didn't cut government like he said he would—just like Bush and Reagan." In the mid Seventies, Marrou moved to Alaska, where he discovered the Libertarian Party. He became active in Anchorage, and suggested that the party hold bingo nights and spaghetti dinners to reach potential members. The party hierarchy thought outreach would be better served by adding a book report to the monthly meeting, and Marrou moved into a cabin in the woods. But after two years in the wilderness, he decided that the state—and stodgy libertarians—could not simply be fled. He sought the bright lights of Homer, Alaska—the model for *Northern Exposure*—and ran for the State House in 1982, unsuccessfully. Two years later, he won, and served a single term, which gives him, for a Libertarian, a résumé like Elliot Richardson's. In 1988, he was the Libertarian vice-presidential candidate.

Marrou is most acute on the psychology of his fellow party members. "Two-thirds of them are more or less normal people." But "they tend to debate fine points of philosophy. You can only go so far with intellectuals. Then

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *Senior Editor, is the author of* The Way of the WASP.

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you have to mainstream ideas." Marrou believes his target audiences include baby-boom suburbanites ("Volvo, Saab, and Mercedes drivers"); gun owners; members of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (although, he concedes, "some of those people really are drug heads, and don't vote"); and Mormons, who believe in freedom of education (their problem is that they are "very conservative"). His goal is to see the day "when the average Libertarian is a truck driver or a waitress."

Many libertarians have shared Marrou's diagnosis of the party and his hopes for its future, but some of them have abandoned the hopes. The party first ran a presidential candidate in 1972, when it was on the ballot in only two states. It nevertheless achieved immortality of a sort when a Republican elector from Virginia gave it his vote. In 1980, the party put on a full-court press. Its presidential candidate, a Los Angeles lawyer named Ed Clark, had won 6 per cent of the vote in the California governor's race two years earlier. Its vice-presidential candidate, David Koch, was a multimillionaire who spent two of his millions on the campaign. Clark and Koch were on fifty state ballots, and bought 47 national network spots. But because of John Anderson's candidacy the party only finished fourth.

In 1983, preparing for the 1984 race, Libertarians faced a choice between Earl Ravenal, a foreign-policy intellectual, and David Bergland, a party *apparatchik*. Ravenal had a real-world reputation; his condemnations of interventionism had appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*. But the convention chose Bergland, evidently believing that a party man would focus on party building. It was a bad call. Bergland was buried, even by the standards of third parties. In 1988, the Libertarians went with Ron Paul, an ex-Republican ex-congressman from Texas. Paul brought the vote up some, but it was still less than half Clark's tally. (This time around, Paul plans to challenge Bush in the New Hampshire Republican primary.)

Ed Clark today thinks the party's prospects are "better than they have been since 1980." The reason is George Bush. "A large number of Republicans—libertarian Republicans, if you will—will not be happy. They will be looking for a way to send Bush a message." Robert Poole, the publisher of *Reason*, believes 1992 is the "best chance" the party has ever had. "Potential libertarians think of themselves as sort of conservative Republicans," because of tax and spending issues, and yet they are "offended by the religious Right." Such people—Marrou's Volvo drivers—are "not well represented in the official Republican Party today."

Certainly the collapse of Soviet Communism has relieved libertarians of the burden of arguing either that Moscow was not a threat (the flake position), or that active resistance was not the right way to meet it (roughly Ravenal's position). Interestingly, none of the libertarians I spoke with brought up the changed world landscape unprompted, as if, not having felt their disability, they are unaware of their opportunity.

Ed Crane, president of the Cato Institute, dismisses the hopes of his fellow libertarians. In Crane's view, the party was scheduled for takeoff in 1980. "The 1979 convention was a respectable cross-section of America. The *Los Angeles Times* gave it three front-page stories. The networks would have been hard pressed to ignore Clark had Anderson not been there." But he was there. Since then, the election laws have gotten tougher on third parties. "The most skilled people in the world" couldn't make a go of it now, Crane concludes.

Which is not to say that major-party politics in America is healthy. It isn't. It is afflicted with a sclerosis—Republicans owning the White House, Democrats running Congress and most states—which could only be broken by an economic debacle, and that would send presidential voters scurrying to the Democrats. Innovations today arise outside politics, and enter the political context laterally.

"There is a worldwide liberal revolution now," says Crane, using "liberal" in its nineteenth-century sense. But "intellectual and ideological debate is not taking place in political parties." Meanwhile, Marrou seems fated to go the way of John Schmitz. □

Return of the Clerks

ABOVE THE LAW?

Henry II put an end to clerical immunity from the law; our guardians of sensitivity are bringing it back again.

JOHN P. ROCHE

CURRENT developments in American law suggest, to borrow an elegant phrase from British historian G. R. Elton, that the past has a future. Most present-day lawyers are ahistorical—they think "criminal conversation" is a Mafia tape—but there is a quiet two-front push into antiquity. One features a Roman-law revival: a woman, it is argued, has an inherent right to execute her unborn children. This merely switches plenary power over offspring (potential or actual) from *paterfamilias* to *mater*. However, I will leave this exercise in jurisprudential atavism for others; my focus is the second front: the legal capers in the academic world I have inhabited for over 45 years.

Conflicts between secular and religious courts are, except in Orthodox Jewish divorce cases, seldom a source of present-day litigation. Yet for at least a quarter of a century a new ecclesiastical jurisdiction has been eating away at the margins of civil authority. I flagged it in *The New Leader* and the *Times Magazine* in 1969–70, but until recently—when it surfaced as the dispute over "Political Correctness" (PC)—nobody has paid much attention to the seizure of normally sec-

Mr. Roche is Olin Distinguished Professor of American Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School.

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ular jurisdiction by campus "courts." Listen to William B. Bracewell, of the University of Georgia's Office of Judicial Programs: "The university has its own definition of right and wrong that has nothing to do with Georgia criminal code." This would have been taken for granted by a "clerk" at Oxford, Paris, or Bologna in the high Middle Ages. All, teachers and students alike, were subject only to the judicial system of the Catholic Church. There were plenty of town–gown brawls, but even if a student killed a townsman he could not be tried in the secular courts.

Obviously local secular authorities objected, and a long battle began to curtail Church jurisdiction. Archbishop Thomas à Becket in fact began his road to martyrdom and canonization by disputing King Henry II's right to try a criminous clerk in a royal court. Henry got a spectacular penitential lashing from the Canons of Canterbury, but the four murderers were never apprehended, Becket remained dead, and the King set to work to bash the Church's *imperium in imperio*. Edward III's drastic fourteenth-century decrees—notably Praemunire, which made it treasonable to appeal a decision of the King's courts in any other forum—pretty well closed this playground in English law.

The New Truth

JUST AS the professors at medieval universities were primarily committed to teaching "the Truth" as revealed in Christian belief, the commanding rhetorical heights in our elite institutions have been seized by a new priesthood whose central article of faith is the degeneracy of Western and particularly American values. Their determination to enforce this new orthodoxy rests on the premise that colleges and universities have a jurisdiction over the lives of their students that is independent of the law of the land. The discussion of PC has indicated the ludicrous lengths this new faith has reached, and has done a good deal to discredit its prophets. Like Shakespeare's King John they now know the enemy: "that idiot laughter . . . A passion hateful to my purpose."

Ridiculing PC is good clean fun, but it may deflect attention from the root of the problem: the jurisdictional claim and the seeming immunity that secular authorities have given campus ecclesiastical courts. One can understand why the cops in a university town are glad quietly to avoid the regulation of campus behavior. Yet the saga of "date rape" indicates that this self-denying ordinance has gone too far. The line between seduction and rape has always been elusive, but the reality of the offense has never been denied. Now, this vile offense, for which Thomas Jefferson urged castration, is being trivialized.

The redefinition of rape from a public-law felony to some sort of private-law action caught my eye when I opened the *New York Times* on December 16, 1990, and found a story on the raunchy environment at the University of New Hampshire. The operative paragraph read: "Forty-five rapes were reported to campus authorities during the last academic year." Forty-five rapes? What happened?

The story went on at some length, developing the university president's theme "urging men and women to develop better respect for and better understanding of one another, in hopes that this might stem sexual assaults on campus." That was caring of him, but while he was proclaiming this Solemn Day of Prayer and Humiliation what was happening to the 45 (assuming no repeats) alleged felons loose on campus? Had they been turned over to the public prosecutor? Jailed? Bailed? Were 45 grand juries laboring on true bills? At 25 per venire, that would have kept much of the local population occupied through the winter.

Alas, efforts to get information from the university were fruitless. The local authorities had to respond to factual questions, but their gross contribution was that 1) no rape cases from the university were pending, and 2) the university had charge of its internal discipline and should be contacted for information. Thanks.

The next episode involved a student at a nearby college who went to the police to file a complaint for rape and, on returning to the college, was threatened with disciplinary action by the dean for not bringing her case before the school's Mickey Mouse courts. At law one has to exhaust whatever administrative remedy is provided by statute before bringing a civil action, but rape is not a tort. The notion that an aggrieved person believing him or herself the victim of a crime must "keep the matter in the family" is a jurisprudential absurdity.

What this means in practice is that colleges and universities are strengthening their ecclesiastical jurisdiction. PC, like shaggy dogs, Little Audrey, and lightbulb jokes, will be overtaken by some new media hobby, and these bizarre campus matters will be off to the morgue. Yet a number of the institutions developed to implement the authority of the new inquisitors will still be in place.

The Public Good

THE STRUGGLE to regain jurisdiction over the "clerks" cannot be fought on their turf. If, as I would argue, drawing on Sir Henry Maine's analogy, progress toward human freedom and decency rests in large part on the replacement of private with public law, the community as a whole—the *res publica*—has the obligation to limit the plenary jurisdiction of its subsets.

The traditional American interpretation of religious freedom, for example, never permitted religious bodies to define their own rights. In the spirit of John Locke's *Letter Concerning Toleration*, which, *inter alia*, denied tolerance to those who would not tolerate, Jefferson, Madison, and their associates left theology to the religious but retained the regulation of outward behavior firmly in the hands of the "Magistrate," i.e., in the American context, the community.

To put it another way, the public had a monopoly on the power of outward coercion. A Massachusetts citizen in 1790 could consider the views of the established church nonsense but had to pay taxes for its support. Not because the church tithed him, but because the Governor and General Court had so determined. Elsewhere the local parish could lean on you for support, even threatening hellfire and damnation, but unless the state legislature so ruled you could not be forced to contribute. In this sense the rules of institutions of higher learning cannot be imposed by private justice if they in any way trample on the civil rights of students, those guaranteed by Constitutions, Bills of Rights, and statutes.

Let us take as an example the widespread demand for "sensitivity." No decent person favors insensitive behavior. One may think that the baby

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held up for admiration by its beaming parents is an ugly little brat, but most of us will make clucking noises and let it go at that. Someone may come to a reception and announce: "Blacks are incompetent executives." The best response is shunning silence—and no further invitations. The point is that if one had said "What an ugly brat!" in the first instance, the parents would have had no legal recourse; in the second, no one could call the cops unless some black decked him—and presumably she would be booked for assault!

Insensitivity, in short, is not illegal this side of "fighting words," and the legal crossover point between words and acts is anything but well defined. Half a century ago there was a choreographed sequence in which 1) the Communists (or, in the Northern cities, the KKK) would announce a forthcoming rally; 2) their opponents would state that if they came to town, there would be a riot; 3) they came to town; 4) their opponents rioted and broke up the meeting; and 5) the Commies or the Kluxers were arrested for "incitement to riot."

The question of who started it is no abstract theoretical matter; take a look at how similar situations are disposed of under campus ecclesiastical jurisdiction. (Numerous examples have been featured in recent coverage so I will create a composite.) An Asian-American woman, annoyed that others with sky-high credentials did not get admitted to her elite college, writes an article for a campus paper of conservative persuasion denouncing admissions quotas for black and Hispanic affirmative actors. In the course of this polemic (college papers are not noted for civility whatever their politics—see box) she accurately quotes Thomas Jefferson at his worst: "The improvements of the blacks in body and mind, in the first instance of their mixture with the whites, has been observed by everyone, and proves that their inferiority is not the effect merely of the condition of life."

This convulses Arete College. The president goes nuclear with an excoriation of American racism, the faculty rushes to a frenetic "Emergency Meeting," the Third World Student Association, the Gay and Lesbian Alliance, and other student pentecostals call for the author's expulsion and for the banning of the paper. The author is summoned before the Arete College Committee for Diversity to answer for her heinous act. Theoretically the Committee has the right to expel her from school, *though under no law, state or federal, has she committed any actionable offense.*

If she is tough she will show up with a lawyer, perhaps provided by the ACLU (which has so far stood firmly for the First Amendment), and reject both the jurisdiction and the evidence, announcing that if this nonsense doesn't stop, she will seek injunctive relief in a federal court. (This often stops the "sensitivity" clock.) She may even bring tort action against Arete College, claiming recompense for pain and suffering, defamation, and violation of her civil rights under Sec. 1983, Title 18, USC. But in far too many instances, terrified individuals, who may rightly merit criticism for vulgarity, bad taste, and lousy logic, have been psychologically put in the stocks, and a number have quietly transferred to other colleges.

Our Secular Saints

OVER twenty years ago in a series of articles (see my *Sentenced to Life*) I commented on the growth of this medieval jurisdiction, particularly in the context of the Vietnam War. One of the articles of faith of the academic priesthood then was the complete immorality of the war, which justified the attempted intimidation of any of its campus supporters. When my office was firebombed, for example, there was no statement of outrage by the president or great stir among the faculty; they were terrified by those militant young "moralists."

My prediction that they were moral frauds was demonstrated when Nixon ended the draft: the campuses detoxicated almost overnight. But the precedents were in place for later assaults, and the cadres had received their basic training. It's safe to say that if today you scratch an ayatollah of sensitivity on any elite campus, you'll find a Sixties rad. And from the noise these imams make you might well get the impression that contemporary students live in virtual peonage, oppressed by the reactionary concept of academic freedom.

Oppression? In what sense? Oppression in the sense that toleration of divergent views is the technique by which the American ruling class strangles dissent. The sentiment "Let them talk!" is actually a gag—a way of immersing the Truth in a flood of drivel. This doctrine of "repressive toleration" justifies efforts to convert colleges into closed societies where only Truth-speakers can teach.

Given the premise that higher education constitutes an autonomous jurisdiction—a dictatorship of the enlightened "engineers of souls"—the logic is impeccable. If a Catholic seminarian announces his conversion to Unitarianism, or a rabbinical student decides that Christ was the Messiah, no one would object to his expulsion from avowedly authoritarian venues. However, the effort to transform American secular higher education into a confessional network constitutes a serious attack on the principles of academic freedom and diversity of convictions. The resistance should employ the pungent skepticism of a seventeenth-century critic of fanatical Puritans: "Do they not confuse the rumblings of their bowels with the workings of the Holy Spirit?" Private law should not be permitted to usurp the authority of the community as a whole. □

From the Bryn Mawr–Haverford College News, *February 19, 1971*

I find it rather shocking that an organization affiliated with Haverford (the Library Associates) would sponsor a "tea and talk" with John P. Roche. As court intellectual of the Johnson Administration he defended the atrocity that is Vietnam. Even today, in his newspaper columns and articles, he maintains the correctness of that policy and attacks particularly his former associates who have realized the enormity of that crime.

It is not a question of freedom of speech. Roche has many outlets for his opinions. It is a question of Haverford. If we should have our own "Nuremberg Trials" in the United States (it's a need intimated by Telford Taylor) surely Roche would be in the dock. Would a Haverford organization sponsor a tea for Joseph Goebbels, for Herman Goering? . . .

—Martin Ulan

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FALL BOOKS

The Great Divorce

JAMES BOWMAN

THE trouble with socialism, T. S. Eliot said, is that it's an attempt "to design a system so perfect that no one will have to be good." Whatever may be the strictly economic and practical shortcomings of the various systems designed with that end in view, Eliot points us in the direction of their common conceptual flaw. It is a kind of intellectual hubris (even if it were not also folly) to suppose that moral responsibility is so readily derivable from the proper material conditions.

But it is important to recognize that Eliot, the modernist, was reacting against a peculiarly modernist version of socialism. Gertrude Himmelfarb's lucidly written, exhaustively researched follow-up to *The Idea of Poverty* shows that the Victorians, with whom Eliot had such ambivalent relations, understood the term very differently. For them the word "socialist" was commonly used to mean little more than vaguely reformist. And the one thing that nearly all socialists had in common both with each other and with the "individualists" who opposed them was that their thought was very firmly rooted in ideas of morality and individual responsibility.

Poverty and Compassion: The Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Knopf, 467 pp., $30)

This must be borne in mind to understand Sir William Harcourt's famous assertion in 1888 that "We are all socialists now." That, it could be said, was another way of referring to what Beatrice Webb called "the time spirit"—in which social problems were seen from both sides of the political arena as calling forth science and morality in combination. Such was the consensus in the 1880s—the time of the great "rediscovery" of the problem of poverty when, paradoxically, the condition of the poor themselves was undergoing steady improvement. What we now understand as socialism, though it was foreshadowed by Marx and others, was not influential until the present century.

If this book has a hero it is Charles Booth of the Booth Steamship Company of Liverpool, who dominates the first half of it. His philanthropic activities were devoted to a massive study of the London poor, *Life and Labor of the People in London*, published in 17 volumes between 1889 and 1902. Like so many other Victorian worthies, Booth seems to have been capable of prodigies of intellectual effort—in spite of ill health and full-time employment with the family firm. Miss Himmelfarb is full of admiration for his industry but more for his achievement in "the creation of a new typology, as it were, of poverty."

Jennifer Lawson

He was the first, that is, to produce reliable statistics about poverty which could be used to differentiate between different classes of the poor. He discerned in late Victorian London eight economic classes, to which he assigned the letters A through H. The "comfortable" working classes, E and F, together with the middle and upper classes, G and H, made up something over 69 per cent of the population. "The poor" in classes A through D made up the rest. Thus did Booth acquire the reputation, first, of having said that 30 per cent of Londoners lived in poverty and, second, of having invented the "poverty line." Miss Himmelfarb shows that both of these perceptions about what Booth said and did are mistaken.

The crucial classes C and D, which made up well over half of that 30 per cent classified as "the poor," though they were more subject to the vagaries of the trade cycle than those higher up in the scale, were not as a general rule either badly clothed or badly fed. Those to any degree in real need were the criminals and "barbarians" in class A (less than 1 per cent of the population) and the mainly casual laborers in Class B (7.5 per cent). The latter were "the leisure class of the poor"; many of them worked no more than they had to in order to keep out of Class A.

As for the "poverty line," it is true that at least one of Booth's collaborators on the project used what Miss Himmelfarb regards as the less theoretical term, "line of poverty," but he himself was too much aware of the variability of individual moral circumstance to make such a crude division based on a money amount. It was extremely important, he said, *not* to lump together those in distress with those of "the true working classes, whose desire for a larger share of wealth is of a different character. . . . To confound these essentially distinct problems is to make the solution of both impossible; it is not by welding distress and aspirations that any good can be done."

Miss Himmelfarb is too much the scholar to say so, but those words ought to be carved above the entrance to every welfare office in the land. The trouble is that, to make the kind of distinctions that Booth does, there must be recourse to the language of morality. His use of terms like "barbarians"—as well as "idle," "shift-

Mr. Bowman is American Editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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less," "improvident," "decent," and "respectable"—was, says Miss Himmelfarb, "not for purposes of judgment (although that was implicit as well) but for objective analysis."

It was only by means of such categories, for example, that he was able to show what an unexpectedly small proportion of the poor were mainly victims of bad habits like idleness or drunkenness instead of economic or personal circumstances (18 per cent in classes A and B, 13 per cent in classes C and D). Likewise, it is reasonable to insist that measures to help the poor should depend upon moral judgments:

> B was "very poor" generally for reasons of its own making; C was "poor" generally for reasons beyond its control. Thus the claim of C to consideration was greater than that of B and could be satisfied even at the expense of B. B was the "crux" of the social problem only because C was the true focus of the social problem.

Booth's work is now thought of as having been vitiated by its moralism. And Miss Himmelfarb acknowledges his methodological shortcomings. The harshness of his proposal for a species of state-sponsored concentration camps to remedy the problem of class B—"a sort of quagmire underlying the social structure" and likely to suck in those above it—seems very alien today, although James Q. Wilson's proposal to fence off high-crime areas may strike some as a revival of it. But the moralism should not be ignored by those who claim Booth as one of the founders of the welfare state. As the author says, "His 'limited socialism' was deliberately limited to the 'very poor,' in order to strengthen the system of 'individualism' that he thought to be in the best interest of the 'poor.'"

When Booth ceases to be the center of Miss Himmelfarb's attention, the book loses focus a little. She goes on to consider the moral assumptions built into the work of the Charity Organization Society, as well as that of a variety of reformers, philanthropists, and thinkers including Octavia Hill, General William Booth (no relation), Dr. Barnardo, Arnold Toynbee (the first), T. H. Green, Alfred Marshall, Henry George, and others. Then, after chapters on the marginality of English Marxism and on the more characteristically English and morally inspired movements of Christian Socialism and Fabianism, she brings her story into the twentieth century with a chapter on the transition to the welfare state.

Here again the focus is very sharp. For "it was the welfare state that finally brought about the divorce of morality from social policy"—and which, in the course of doing so, replaced the problem of poverty with that of inequality. This is Miss Himmelfarb's cue to call for a return to the Victorian "moral imagination," now that the welfare state is so conspicuously running up against moral problems it has no means of dealing with. Contrary to the popular wisdom, poverty *can* be ameloriated by public policy, but it cannot be confused with inequality or treated apart from its moral dimension. This much needs saying by a scholar as thoroughly steeped in the curious history of modern man's "compassion" as Gertrude Himmelfarb.

If her brilliant and necessary book could be improved it would be by giving more attention to "compassion" itself. Sometimes she takes "the Victorians" to be almost as monolithic a category as those she is arguing with take "the poor" to be, yet there must have been something in the quality of their sort of compassion that gave rise to ours. How did the "time spirit" of late Victorian moral earnestness evolve, on the one hand, into theoretically top-heavy socialism and, on the other, into the welfarist heresy? If, as she says, both the problem and responsibility for it became "impersonalized" in the early 1900s, is it possible to know the dynamic, the psychic stages of the transformation? But perhaps that is more the job of a literary historian—someone with the instinctive insight, even if not the Victorian roots, of a T. S. Eliot. □

Interesting Times

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE readers of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, T. S. Eliot wrote, "sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn." That was true for Beacon Hill and Back Bay, in 1917. For the United States, for the last fifty years, the media outlet that stirs its consumers with a gentle but forceful ripple has been the *New York Times*.

Deadline, by James Reston (Random House, 517 pp., $25)

Television is quicker, the *Washington Post* is livelier, the *New York Herald Tribune* was supposed to have been better written. Only the *Times* reifies. If a tree falls, and the *Times* doesn't hear it, it makes no sound. Bill Rusher liked to say that his colleagues at *NR* refused to believe something had happened until they read about it in the *Times*. Doesn't everybody?

James Reston has been associated with the *Times* since 1939. *Deadline* is his account of his life and his paper's, and of the world, as he and the *Times* saw it.

Reston was born in 1909 outside Glasgow. Most of the good writing in this book (and there isn't enough) is about his parents, especially his mother, and Scotland. The Scots are "poor and proud, hard working and hard drinking, sentimental, argumentative . . . joyless in their pleasures, partial to education and religion, with strong left-wing political opinions, most of them wrong." In 1920, the family moved to Dayton, Ohio. He got his first job newspapering ("the only ambition I ever had") in classic American fashion, by caddying for James Cox, an Ohio politician and publisher. By the Thirties, he had moved up to the Associated Press, which sent him first to New York, then to London. He began his career with the *Times* the day Hitler invaded Poland.

The following five decades were, as the Chinese say, interesting times. And if Reston was seldom actually at ground zero, he had a chance to ask many of the figures who had been to recollect their explosions in tranquillity. Unfortunately, his accounts of public events and public men in *Deadline* are limp and damp. Occasionally, a personal angle—the strain of living through the Blitz; being treated by acupuncture for appendicitis in Communist China—gives the grey pages a bit of color. Sometimes a now-obscure fig-

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *Senior Editor, is the author of* The Outside Story.

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ure, such as Joseph Kennedy, swims into surprisingly sharp focus. Reston provides several chapter-long portraits of Presidents he has written about. The sketch of Jimmy Carter is probably the best; the sketch of Ronald Reagan is the sprightliest, though it is frankly baffled. Otherwise, reading through the long public stretches of this book is like reading—well, yesterday's paper.

Part of Reston's problem with this material stems from a basic confusion in his thought. He came to distrust most of America's overseas commitments, and many of the men and institutions which executed them, and he justifies his suspicion by recourse to early American sentiments like Washington's Farewell Address, or John Quincy Adams's assertion that "we go not abroad seeking monsters to destroy." On the other hand, he still admires the Wise Men—Dean Acheson, Averell Harriman, and their colleagues, who fashioned the doctrine of containment—as well as the Republican internationalists, Henry Stimson and Theodore Roosevelt, who were the Wise Men's inspiration. There is a contradiction here. Oliver North concerned himself with the internal affairs of Nicaragua. But then, so did Stimson. It is possible to say that the anti-Communist Republicans of the postwar period were foolish whereas their predecessors were wise. It is not possible to make blanket denunciations of the former, without reconsidering the legacy of the latter.

Reston is more interesting when he discusses his own profession. Much of what journalists do is simple recording of public activities—the outside story that anyone who was ubiquitous, and who could write, would be able to get down. They win Pulitzers, however, not for this journeyman work, but for breaking stories—hauling secrets into the light of day.

Laymen have the impression that these stories are acquired by impartial digging. Time and again, Reston shows how it is really done. Early in his career, he was able to publish the proposals made at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference because a member of the Chinese delegation had once been hired to work for the *Times* by Iphigene Sulzberger, the publisher's wife, and was willing to return the favor. Several years later, the *Times* was able to print the full texts of the

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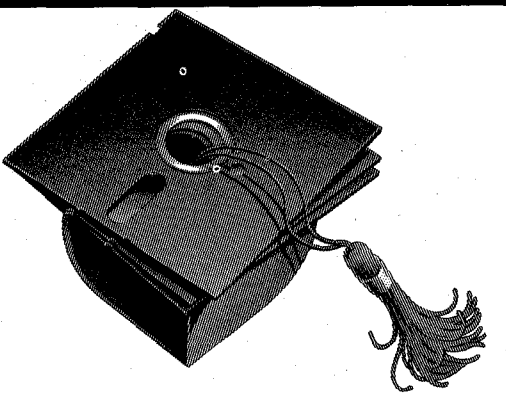

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discussions at Yalta because the Eisenhower State Department wanted to pre-empt right-wing Republican congressmen from quoting them selectively. (The full texts were not quite full; some off-hand references by FDR, in conversation with King Ibn Saud, to "kikes in New York" were cut.) Several years after that, John Kennedy told Reston it would be "helpful" if Reston were to say in print that the Administration was willing to risk war if the Soviets cut off access to Berlin. Reston duly said it. All these, and many other stories, were scoops, but none required digging. They reached print because some powerful person in the know chose to clue the *Times* in, usually in pursuit of some specific objective of his own. Reston says that such "selective cooperation" bothers him, but without it, journalism as we know it would wither.

Over the years, the responsibility for cooperating has shifted from publishers to reporters—from the Sulzberger family, as it were, to James Reston. This state of things was sonorously foreseen by Walter Lippmann, when he envisioned a "New Journalism . . . less Napoleonic at the top and less bohemian at the bottom . . . devoted, as all professions ideally are, to the service of truth alone." Reston puts it more plainly, and more truthfully, when he says that the "dictator publishers" of his youth were succeeded by a "new generation of reporters" who had been given "more freedom to analyze the news." Mr. Managerial Revolution, meet Miss First Amendment.

By the end of *Deadline*, "All the News That's Fit to Print" turns out to be all the news that politicians and reporters agree is fit. It seems to me that conservatives who feel excluded from this state of affairs have two honorable options, and complaining is not one of them. They can follow Wendell Berry into seclusion. Or, they can roll up their sleeves and play the game as reporters themselves. Their contributions—which would be as inflected by their point of view as those of the current "generation of reporters"—would make the mix of journalism richer. James Reston might even approve. □

Home Free

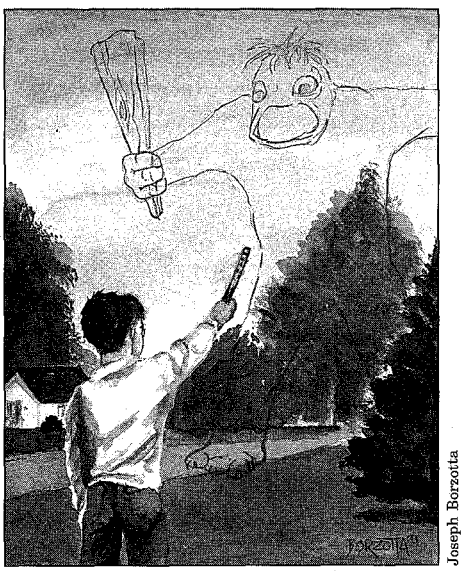
BRAD MINER

WE'RE all from someplace. Terry Teachout is from Sikeston, Missouri. I am from Worthington, Ohio. And it matters. True, Mr. Teachout and I live in New York now (he up in Bronxville; I down in Manhattan), but we're *from* small Midwestern towns, and we will never be *from* anywhere else.

City Limits: Memories of a Small-Town Boy, by Terry Teachout (Poseidon Press, 208 pp., $19)

Not that these towns are (or were) perfect. Heaven alone is that. But they were pretty good places to grow up in. And despite the big city's many attractions (as Dr. Johnson put it, "a diversity of good and evil"), I'm not sure Mr. Teachout and I wouldn't be better off back home. On this, I suspect he and I disagree.

City Limits is a collection of Mr. Teachout's memories, and each is a span in the bridge he built between there and then and here and now. "Nobody comes to New York by accident," he writes, "least of all the stray children of the small towns of America who flock here like stubborn pigeons." Just so, but why do we stay?



Joseph Borzotta

Mr. Teachout's remembrances are presented with charm and wit, and they provide a passage into one's own past. Take for instance the author's memory of his first Roman candle: "This isn't a toy, son," his dad tells him, being all dads. "Do you understand?" Being all boys, little Terry nods. And big Terry writes:

> Then he lit the top end and handed me the slim cardboard tube. I pointed it up and away, but I knew that it was aimed at somebody, though I told no one that I was actually a mighty warrior locked in single combat with the evil forces of darkness. I shouted every time the sizzling tube went *crump* and lit up the sky with gaudy bursts of lightning, each one aimed squarely at the forehead of a giant monster from outer space. I dreamed of blue fireballs for weeks.

I see my own Independence Days: Teachout's fireworks explode; the terrain of my own past is illuminated. The sorts of observations he makes were once the soul of fiction. But your New Novelist despises little men and small towns, and fashions memories in ironic grey. Oh, not every Teachout recollection comes in a Technicolor flash; some are only as colorful as a faded snapshot. But that's not nothing. *City Limits* works, especially if you hail from similar bedrock.

In 15 short chapters, Mr. Teachout presents a kind of "cordless miniseries," as Tom Wolfe described the novel of the future. Many of the chapters suggest sweet, low-budget films of the sort TV might produce if its creators gave a damn about character development. How Terry Teachout, a shy, musically gifted boy, comes from Missouri to Gotham (eventually to establish the big city's only conservative "salon," Vile Body), and becomes a writer of growing reputation, is a story of some fascination. He pinpoints the genesis of the writer to be: "Some people are made for summer vacation; I was made to write essays about what I did for my summer vacation."

He begins with his early years, but he's constrained by neither chronology nor consequence. For instance, we never really meet his wife, Liz, although we understand that he meets her, woos her, marries her. Chronology, which here covers three decades and would include the wedding, is not the issue; formation is. Mr. Teachout gives us childhood, adolescence, his college years (unhappily reading the Great Books at St. John's in Annapo-

Mr. Miner is NR*'s Literary Editor.*

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lis, and then successfully studying music at Kansas City's William Jewell College), and his early work experiences (writing jazz criticism, making change at a bank, listening to sad stories on a telephone crisis line).

It was probably music, more than a sense of destiny, that got Terry Teachout moving East, and the best parts of *City Limits*—and most of its parts at that—are about music, listening and playing. There is classical (the first music to stop the author's heart), country (in high school he played bass in a group called Sour Mash), musical theater (violin in hand, he played the title role in a community production of *Fiddler on the Roof*), jazz (criticism for the *Kansas City Star*), and swing (not simply a matter of filial piety).

On more than one occasion (at a Vile Body gathering or over lunch), the author has prefaced some sensible point to me by saying, "Well, people in *my* generation . . ." By which, one might suppose, he means to stress the several-decades difference in our ages. Except I'm eight years older than he is. Strange, really, from one who so deeply appreciates the music of *our* fathers' generation. *City Limits* even sounds like the title of a swing album.

The book contains a moving profile of Woody Herman. Mr. Teachout interviewed him shortly before Herman, hobbled by grief and taxes, died: "Sometimes a critic would knock him in print, leaving a foaming wake of hatred among musicians who read the cold, tactless words, and cursed the critics, cursed the IRS, cursed the idiot fate that saddled Woody with a merciless financial burden and simultaneously took away his health."

Swing is hardly music's genre of the moment, but Mr. Teachout puts it on *classical* footing:

> Children born in the age of the laser-scanned compact disc will never know the crackle of a steel needle briskly scratching its way through the grooves of a shellac 78, a sound as evocative for the jazz buff as the tuning up of a symphony orchestra is for the lover of classical music. . . . The big-band era . . . had reached down the corridors of lost time and grabbed a piece of me.

And maybe music is music wherever you go. But what of the rest of the great stew that is culture? *City Limits* begins, "It isn't easy to get from New York, where I live, to Sikeston, Missouri, my home town." Right, and in more ways than one.

Speaking for myself, it's not Worthington, Ohio, I need, but the things Worthington was (and is, God willing, for those who are there): the things, as Mr. Teachout writes describing Sikeston, that make it "still a place where people salute the flag and don't ask for receipts, where everybody knows who your parents were and what they did for a living." Can this be said of New York? "[Sikeston] is narrow and kind and decent and good, and I am blessed to have been raised in its shabby, forgiving bosom. It is my home town; it is your home town, too."

Two epigrams introduce *City Limits*: one comes from *The Jungle Book* and is about finding the "way back" to the place one's soul comes from; but the other is from *On the Town*: "New York, New York, / Or a village in Iowa— / The only difference is the name." Well, I'm not buying it. Maybe people are people wherever you go, but, if they are, *City Limits* loses its

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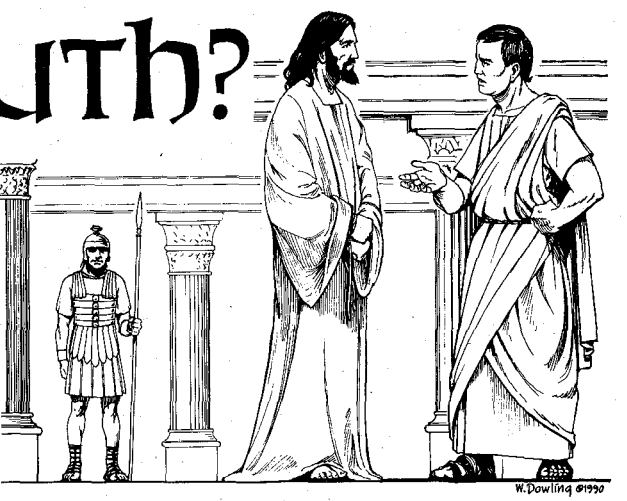

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rationale, which is a nostalgia that is far from reactionary.

I'm sometimes nostalgic, sometimes downright sad, as I watch my sons playing in Central Park. It's not the occasional cat-size rat, or the gangs of pot-smoking teenagers lounging about on the pre-schoolers' slide, or the homeless man asleep in the sandbox whom you must sometimes roust if you've brought your kids to the park too early in the morning; we city dwellers are used to such annoyances. These and other aggravations, like smog and noise and crowds, are merely the urban equivalents of the suburbanite's crabgrass. No, the sadness comes from, if I may borrow a progressive phrase, *the presence of absence*. I am *missing* Ohio. A father's vision of childhood—if he had a happy one—is his own. I see the woods behind the house in Worthington where my brother and I ran freely; I most

RIGHT BOOKS

■ ORDER! More a pamphlet than a book, Claes Ryn's *The New Jacobinism: Can Democracy Survive?* (National Humanities Institute, 102 pp., $8.95) appears at first to be your standard conservative grieving over the death of the old ways—one man's futile cry against the fates. The times are marked by "a flight from individual responsibility." Among intellectuals, we find a "superficiality" and "frivolity," a "moral flabbiness" all around. Politicians lack conviction. "Standards of personal behavior and comportment are falling." Our dear old Western Civilization, in short, is winding down, and only a "reawakened awareness of personal character and responsibility" can save it.

The essay takes an unexpected turn, though, for among the "Jacobins" causing all this trouble we find not just the usual liberal riffraff. "It is indicative of the influence of the Jacobin spirit in the Western world," writes Mr. Ryn, "that a fondness for abstract general schemes and utopian visions should today have attraction even for people said to be 'conservative' or on 'the right.'" Endlessly browbeaten and caricatured by the liberalism of the day, conservatism's "old beliefs undergo a subtle change."

Mr. Ryn has in mind conservatives who enlist in federally sponsored "causes" of the moment, New World Orders, crusades for democracy, and suchlike. These conservatives, he says, share in the delusion of moral reform as a collective undertaking. When Democratic speechwriters summon us to the "New" this or the "New" that, no one is disappointed; that's what Democratic speechwriters do, and few of them are likely to pause anytime in this life and ponder Ecclesiastes. But conservatism, Mr. Ryn reminds us, is supposed to stand for the idea of self-reform, for the "moral realism" of tending one's own garden before venturing off to set the world right. It is not in politics, he writes, but "in daily life, primarily in one's intimate associations, that opportunities for love of neighbor are actually present."

How, asks Mr. Ryn, can we set about "ordering" the world when America itself is in such a bad way? If conservatism's distrust of vast state enterprises applies to foreign policy, then "a country's primary duty is to conduct its own affairs and repair its own flaws." Morally, we're becoming a nation of Mitch Snyders restlessly hurling ourselves into causes, each "vital," but far removed from the mundane duties awaiting us at home.

Further, Mr. Ryn adds, we must not embrace even capitalism as a moral absolute. For "civilization depends on *not* letting purely economic considerations dominate society."

About society's restlessness, Mr. Ryn is certainly onto something—though Eric Hoffer put it all even more succinctly when he observed that a man is never busier than when he's avoiding the one thing he ought to do. But here and there his sweeping "Jacobin" thesis leads Mr. Ryn to dismissive overstatement. Are Allan Bloom and Ben Wattenberg really "Jacobins in spirit" on account of their conviction that America must in times of crisis assume the role of (Mr. Wattenberg's phrase) "global organizer"?

Not really, and indeed much of Mr. Ryn's own thesis has already been advanced pretty compellingly in Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*. It's all very well to alert us to America's falling "standards of personal behavior and comportment," or to the "fading self-discipline" and "promiscuity" that typifies the younger folks who so depress Mr. Ryn. But it was Mr. Bloom who ventured beyond the Decline-of-Western-Civilization platitudes to examine, at length and not without sympathy, the jaded souls who slip into these "lifestyles" and their sad delusions of moral idealism, so that a modern libertine reading that book could not cast it aside without sensing that he or she had been found out. "A society's greatest madnesses often seem normal to itself," reflected Mr. Bloom. Not, it seems safe to say, the sentiment of a Jacobin.

Still, Mr. Ryn—the author also of *Democracy and the Ethical Life*—has his mind correctly focused, and respect is due any man who so fiercely resists liberalism's pull to "normalcy."

■ CHAOS? Few of us are likely to dust off Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Aquinas's *Summa Theologica*, or Anselm's *Prologium* for extended reflection on their various arguments for belief in God. We're in luck, though, because we have Mortimer J. Adler to do some of the work for us. Newly re-issued, Mr. Adler's *How to Think about God: A Guide for the 20th-Century Pagan* (Collier, 175 pp., $7.95) leads step by step to the conviction, "I have reasonable grounds for affirming God's existence." Beyond this "philosophy cannot go," writes Mr. Adler, author of a mere 46 other books, but along the way one is reminded that reasoning too can be an act of piety. And, maybe because the trait is so rare, there's something endearing in his methodical, assume-nothing approach to argumentation—as when he distinguishes between proper nouns by noting that his cat is named "Thomas Aquinas": Even when the creature is "not visibly present and I use that name to call him to me, I know that I am not summoning a medieval theologian to reappear on earth." Ergo, "without direct acquaintance" we too may henceforth use the name to mean "a cat that has now been identified as the pet of Mortimer Adler, the author of this book." Rigorous standards of proof in the spirit of Aquinas (the medieval theologian, not the Thomistic tabby) do not confirm the publisher's claim that the book is "now available for the first time in paperback"—a 1982 Bantam edition is sitting in front of me. But this is the only imprecision the reader will encounter.

—MATTHEW SCULLY

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definitely do not see Central Park, where I look tensely behind every bush. It's dandy that Bobby, my four-year-old, knows the names of dinosaurs (we live just a few blocks from the Museum of Natural History), but he and his younger brother, Jonny, know the names of few living birds or insects, because except for the odd sparrow or robin, and, of course, the ubiquitous pigeon, the aforementioned rat, and, yes, the noble descendant of archy, the boys rarely see fauna.

Neither do the boys know community, nor, for that matter, do their parents. In the city one has friends. It's not just the sycamores and the buckeyes, the cardinals and the bluejays, the fireflies and the stars in the sky that I miss, but also the unlocked doors, the open doors, the church doors. I miss them so much that I am frightened my sons will grow up *here* believing the world was made by man.

Children make the difference. Their growth creates new home towns. The artistic or intellectual "communities" of New York aren't communities at all; not because there are no artists or intellects, but because a community, as Joe Sobran once wrote (deflating the notion of a "gay community"), has mothers, fathers, children, grandparents. Sikeston is a community. So is Worthington. New York, which used to be, is now a club. □

In Scribendo Veritas

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

KINGSLEY AMIS is one of the most amusing, most uneven English novelists of this century, as well as a gifted poet, an intelligent, if occasionally mischievous, critic and essayist, and an honest, unabashed convert to the Right. In his time, he has also been quite a hell-raiser, more Tony Lumpkin than Lucky Jim in the literary London of the Sixties and Seventies. During one of his more bumptious party appearances, Robert Graves pointed him out—to comedian Spike Milligan, of all people—as "Kingsley Amis, for which there is no known cure."

As it turns out, Robert Graves was wrong. After a highly combustible youth and a rather messy middle age (booze, divorce, and a lot of busily squandered time and talent), Amis (now Sir Kingsley, having appeared in Margaret Thatcher's last Honors List) has at last attained a state of gracefulness. If he isn't actually enjoying his old age, the writer in him both appreciates and employs the understanding it can bring. His more recent work—especially his 1986 Booker Prize–winning novel *The Old Devils*—contains a greater element of sympathy for and benevolence toward a wider range of characters than almost any of his earlier writing, and a calmer sagacity.

Memoirs, by Kingsley Amis (Summit Books, 346 pp., $25)

Mr. Bakshian, a member of the National Council on the Humanities, writes and broadcasts frequently on politics, history, and the arts.

Devils also happens to be one of the funniest, most moving depictions of middle-class old age to be written by a major novelist in a long time (a lesser contender, on a greyer, narrower scale, is V. S. Naipaul's 126-page novella, *Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion*, published 23 years earlier). If *Lucky Jim* was the model brash young man's novel of the early Fifties, *The Old Devils* is the model wise old man's novel of today.

Now, in *Memoirs*, Amis brings the same mature blend of penetration, justifiable bile, humor, warmth, and the occasional trace of regret to bear on a few episodes from his own life and a more extensive and thoroughly Dickensian gallery of heroes, heroic failures, artists, clubmen, journalists, charlatans, boon and malevolent companions, and the odd—sometimes very odd indeed—family member. Where justice is not done, it is inflicted. Hypocrites come in for the heaviest mauling, but everyone is treated fairly, and everyone is interesting.

Malcolm Muggeridge, for example, is given due credit for his early recognition of the evils of the Soviet system, and for his entertaining book, *The*

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DELECTATIONS
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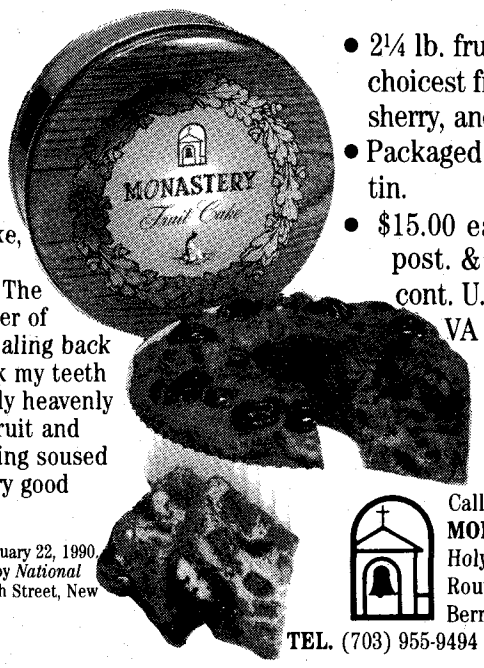
NATIONAL REVIEW, January 22, 1990. Reprinted by permission by *National Review*, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016.



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Thirties, in every respect superior to his later, pretentiously unpretentious memoirs, of which Amis observes, "I see he published an autobiography, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, in two volumes, rather a lot of volumes, perhaps, for chronicles of such." He also reveals that, a few years before "St. Mugg" entered his ascetic period, he recruited the author for a rather pathetic orgy-that-never-really-came-off with Sonya Orwell. Perhaps memory of this dreary evening lent an edge to his appreciation of Muggeridge's latterly developed

> amazing capacity for investing platitudes with an air of novelty and freshness: "What we all have to realize," he would say, screwing up his face in the familiar way that meant that something important was coming, "is that we live in an increasingly materialistic society," or "All human beings need some faith to live by and our present lack of one is nothing short of disastrous." Well, I'll drink to both. My last public memories of him are, rather sadly perhaps, of him saying things like those.

The only thing that is slightly amiss about the author's own *Memoirs* is that they are only slightly Amis, a mixture of delicacy and shame keeping the spotlight off the narrator's inner and private lives and on the foibles of friends and acquaintances. There is truth in Amis's claim that the day-to-day life of a writer is dull and that, as the author of more than twenty volumes, he has already provided more than enough clues about himself: "Every word inevitably says something about the kind of person I am. 'In *vino veritas*—I don't know,' Anthony Powell once said to me, 'but *in scribendo veritas*—a certainty.' "

But given his reticence about himself, he might have been a bit less indiscreet about some of his unfortunate subjects. That, however, would have been the reader's loss, despite occasional instances of overkill such as a funny but mean-spirited hatchet job on Leo Rosten, someone this reviewer has always found to be as pleasant in person as in print. As for those subjects Amis likes, no one could ask for a more affectionately balanced portraitist. Of four of them fairly well known to me personally, he has done a masterly job of capturing both the brilliance and the crotchets of Robert Conquest, Peter Quennell, and the late George Gale and Tibor Szamuely.

Amis's ear always catches just the right encapsulating anecdote or quote, as in Tibor Szamuely's straight-faced claim that he admired Josef Stalin "for his having killed more Communists than any other man." Then there is Bob Conquest's instant rejoinder when, recently, an American publisher suggested that a new edition of *The Great Terror*, his masterpiece on Stalin's 1936–38 purges, might sell better with a snappy new title: "Well, perhaps *I Told You So, You F---ing Fools*. How's that?"

Those who knew the raspy-voiced, irascible George Gale, a Fleet Street Olympian (if eagles could spring from dungheaps), will particularly cherish this Amis vignette. Having been introduced to an academic with a French name and accent at Peterhouse College high table, Gale launched a scathing, sputtery assault on French literature, music, and painting, only to meet repeatedly with, "If I may say so, that is extremely well put," and "I would not change a word of that." In the end, it was all too much for him:

> "Jesus, are you a man or a mouse?" said George with eyes popping. "Here I am, denouncing your bloody nation and all its works for five solid minutes, and the best you can do is smile and say how bloody true. Gerh!"
>
> "Ah, but you mistake, Mr. Gal[e]. I am not French, I am Swiss." . . . the loudest roar and longest laugh were George's.

Other interesting chapters include sketches of Anthony Burgess, Margaret Thatcher, Sir John Betjeman, Philip Larkin, Anthony Powell, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, and John Braine, as well as family sketches and insightful accounts of Oxford, Wales, Czechoslovakia, America and the American South, and army life (one concludes, to one's surprise, that Amis would have made a first-class regular officer under other circumstances).

Taken all in all, Kingsley Amis's memoirs are less than one might have hoped for, but a great deal more than most contemporaries would be capable of producing, even to the very last page, with its wistful poetic tribute to his first wife, poignant in its belated appreciation and sense of failure. As for the author himself, he might enjoy being compared to a product line of unbreakable glassware that his paternal grandfather, a thoroughly unpleasant old philistine, manufactured. In Amis's own words, it was, "not literally unbreakable, just unusually tough, held together, somebody once explained to me, by inner tension, and meant to survive. . . ."

For purely selfish reasons, one hopes so. □

Second Thoughts

ADAM B. ULAM

AS with most writings by active politicians, this book is more a personal manifesto and an *apologia pro vita sua* than memoirs in the strict sense of the word, or a political treatise.

Prior to his resignation as Foreign Minister in December 1990, Eduard Shevardnadze had been, alongside Gorbachev, the main architect of that dramatic transformation of Soviet foreign policy known in the USSR as the "new thinking," which led to such momentous changes in East–West relations and in the entire international scene. His resignation was prompted by the conviction that Gorbachev's indecisiveness and willingness to appease the reactionary wing of the Communist Party would inevitably lead to a coup directed against *perestroika* and *glasnost*. And when his prediction was borne out by the August 19 *Putsch*, Shevardnadze demonstrated that his conversion to democratic reform had been genuine. While many in the Soviet establishment, notably most of those in Gorbachev's official entourage, supported the harebrained conspiracy, Shevardnadze, though clearly realizing his life might

The Future Belongs to Freedom, by Eduard Shevardnadze, translated by Catherine Fitzpatrick (Free Press, 300 pp., $24.95)

Mr. Ulam, director of the Harvard University Russian Research Center, is author of, among other books, The Bolsheviks *and* Stalin: The Man and His Era.

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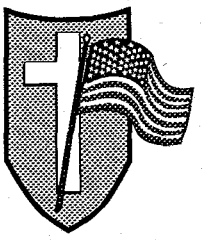
be at stake, hastened to join Yeltsin in defying the plotters.

It was rather late in his life that our author became convinced that "the future belongs to freedom." Before his appointment as Foreign Minister at the age of 57, he had given every indication that, as behooved a highly successful Party official, he believed that the future belonged to Marxism–Leninism. Like most Soviet people, especially of his generation, Shevardnadze was shaken by Khrushchev's secret speech of 1956, with its revelations about Stalin's crimes. But the author is quite candid in confessing that the speech, while destroying his illusions about the late tyrant, still offended his national feelings as a Georgian. He strongly disliked Khrushchev, a feeling shared at the time by many other Georgians (something which is rather puzzling given that Khrushchev never linked Stalin's transgressions to his ethnic origin, nor in fact ever alluded to the latter).

Following that candid admission, Shevardnadze's book moves rather rapidly through his official career in Georgia. It was highly successful: minister at 33, first Party secretary (i.e., boss of the country) at 44. There are obvious and painful reasons for such reticence: being a high non-Russian official made it mandatory for him to eulogize "the great Russian nation" on every conceivable occasion. And it was equally advisable to flatter publicly and effusively the big boss—Brezhnev. On both counts Shevardnadze showed himself quite forthcoming. He writes of his years as Georgia's boss: "I was constantly dealing with the problem of achieving real sovereignty for the republic." But, as he admits, many Georgians would strongly disagree. What is indisputable is that he did manage to curb corruption among local officials, so rampant everywhere else in the USSR during the Brezhnev reign.

It was through exchanging views with his friend Gorbachev in the late 1970s that he became convinced, Shevardnadze tells us, that the roots of corruption lay in the system. He assures us that the two friends, though already alternate members of the Politburo, learned about the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan only when they read about it in the newspapers. Later on, as Minister of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, he realized that the sense-



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less policies of expanding the Empire and piling up arms were bankrupting the USSR; its military expenditures as a percentage of GNP were two and a half times those of the United States. And in any case "a country of socially and politically humiliated people cannot gain security." The task of shifting the Soviet stance from one of confrontation with the West to one of cooperation acquired for both Gorbachev and Shevardnadze special urgency after the Chernobyl explosion. The disastrous consequences of the breakdown of a nuclear plant they saw as but a pinprick compared to the holocaust that would be caused by a nuclear war.

For all his enlightened views and the veritable revolution of common sense that he helped bring about in international relations, the author is not entirely free of the "old" thinking when it comes to his assessment of the cold war. He praises Andrei Gromyko quite beyond what might be required by politeness, even though his predecessor as Foreign Minister stood for the policies he himself has emphatically repudiated. The most jarring passage comes, however, in Shevardnadze's assertion that the Hiroshima and Nagasaki A-bombs were dropped not because of anything having to do with the war with Japan, but because the U.S. intended to intimidate its then ally, the USSR. This is an argument that even America's most impassioned revisionist historians have found difficult to sustain. And the logic of what he himself says about past Soviet policies makes it incongruous to read: "it was not our country that . . . repeatedly pushed the cold war to the threshold of a hot war."

The peaceful (except in Rumania) demise of Communism in Eastern Europe, unification of Germany, cordial relations with the West—those are, in the author's view, achievements of the "new thinking," rather than, as the neo-Stalinists have argued, policies which betrayed the vital interests of the Soviet Union and, along with the equally disastrous domestic policies, brought the state to the verge of disintegration. Uncompromising as he is now in defending the democratic process, Shevardnadze cannot help betraying inner doubts about whether this process has not gone too far in the Soviet Union: "Although I accept the principles of the right to self-determination and freedom of choice, I find it hard not to ask: at what price?"

Janet Hamlin

There is thus a tragic undertone to what is otherwise a heartening profession of faith in democracy. The author and a few like-minded reformers within the Soviet oligarchy had proposed to introduce democracy in their society while retaining a viable central government of the Union. But the multinational Union had been held together by the Communist Party, which in its seventy-odd years of rule had destroyed every other possible source of authority over society. Once the impulse toward democracy unleashed by *glasnost* brought about the collapse of the Party, there remained little to hold the 15 republics together. How much the burden of the past presses on the present is exemplified by Shevardnadze's personal dilemma. He has but little following among his fellow Georgians, who still see him as the authoritarian boss of their country before 1985, rather than the innovative and liberal Foreign Minister of the USSR after that date.

And if, as appears now very likely, the USSR falls completely apart or can be preserved only as the loosest confederation, that would be yet another blow to those who, like Shevardnadze, wanted to reform but not to destroy the Union. It is the author's very personal involvement—and not merely as a statesman—in this historical drama that gives his book special value and poignancy. □

The Future of an Illusion

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

HERE is a perfectly timed, different kind of travel book exquisitely written by a practicing British psychiatrist with a sardonic style, a keen eye, and a sense that the struggle for a democratic civilization is far from over. It reports on the world's saddest story: the continued enserfment of almost 120 million people in five countries, each with its own iron curtain, at a time when Central Europe and now Russia have been liberated. It describes first-hand the Stalinist holdouts—Albania, North Korea, Vietnam, Cuba, and Rumania even without Ceausescu—their unregenerate socialist rulers, and their ill-fated peoples. In writing about Albania, he refers to "the dottiness of a tiny nation that had set its face against the accepted truths of the rest of the world." That observation could apply to the other four as well.

Dr. Anthony Daniels's travels took place during the first *annus mirabilis*, 1989. It is no hyperbole to suggest that these remaining Communist holdouts were and remain madhouses. Dr. Daniels refers to the "insane xenophobia" which characterizes the leaders of a country like Albania, self-isolated for half a century. Since economic, unlike political, refugees are barred from Western countries, perhaps we need a new refugee category for those who are merely rational people trying to escape their Marxist–Leninist loony-bin keepers such as the late Enver Hoxha, whose collected works fill sixty volumes.

Utopias Elsewhere: Journeys in a Vanishing World, by Anthony Daniels (Crown, 208 pp., $20)

Wandering through the streets of Tirana, a city without traffic or commercial life, Dr. Daniels stares at

Mr. Beichman, a Hoover Institution Research Fellow, is author, most recently, of The Long Pretense: Soviet Treaty Diplomacy from Lenin to Gorbachev.

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state-built apartment blocks wallowing in a sea of mud and "finished," he writes, "to a standard that would have disgraced Calcutta." The clothes, of man-made fibers, are in colors "with which they used to paint the corridors of mental hospitals."

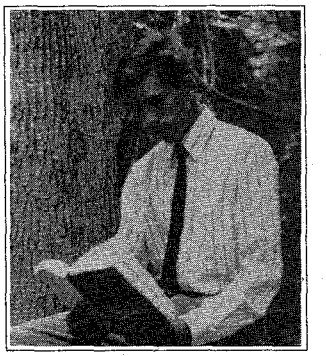
The great discovery Dr. Daniels made in his travels is "the vital importance of frivolity," a virtue which exists in democracies but nowhere else. The complaints about our commercial culture—the essential unimportance of, say, having a choice of breakfast cereals—and the desirability of being freed from the compulsion to possess goods may seem quite justified. "But there is a world of difference," he writes, "between voluntary renunciation of what is available and embittered resignation in the face of permanent shortage."

Dr. Daniels recalls "the strange alliance between Enver Hoxha and certain members of the British upper middle classes." It was the British, thanks to Kim Philby and other Stalinist spies in British intelligence, who supplied arms to Hoxha and then betrayed an Anglo-American attempt to overthrow him.

Pyongyang, capital of North Korea, Daniels found "profoundly disturbing, even sinister." The streets of "this vast simulacrum of a city" are never fewer than four lanes wide. Pedestrains are barred from crossing these streets; they must take underpasses. At many of the city's intersections, traffic police (young women wielding batons) do a "slightly robotic dance on pedestals" every few seconds, hour after hour, directing traffic—*that is not there*. How reminiscent of Havana, where the streets are "utterly bereft of commercial activity," writes Dr. Daniels. "It is a delight to drive in Cuba because, as in all Communist countries, there is no traffic."

It was inevitable, I suppose, to think that entering North Korea was like slithering into the universe of Franz Kafka, who could have devoted a novel to Department Store No. 1. This strange establishment stands in the center of the capital city. Its floors are crammed with locally produced goods, perfectly arranged. The store is filled with thousands of people going up and down escalators, streams of customers going in and out—"yet nothing was being bought and sold." People stood at counters staring at the store clerks,

THE TRADITION OF TRUTH



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who stared back, "neither moving nor speaking." These were what the author calls "Potemkin shoppers" who worked in shifts. The purpose of this huge deceit was to impress foreign visitors. Yet at the same time it was an unspoken admission by the Kim tyranny that "material plenty was morally preferable to shortage."

Having carefully examined the North Korean literary output—especially poetry, all dedicated to the Great Leader, some of which he reproduces—Dr. Daniels writes that "in these poems is revealed one of the attractions of Marxism–Leninism for certain frustrated intellectuals: it is the revenge of the untalented upon the world. Only under a system of the most absolute tyranny could the authors of the above poems live as poets."

I hope I have given a taste of Dr. Daniels's talents as a travel writer who so often in these travels found himself "in a strange emotional limbo between rage and laughter." But this book is particularly important because Dr. Daniels also deals with travelers before him in these utopias, especially Vietnam—Harrison Salisbury, Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy, whose book *Hanoi* showed her to be, says Dr. Daniels, "armor-plated . . . against the urgings of common sense." Re-reading some of the passages from her book, one finds it hard to believe that anybody could have written such rubbish.

But common sense has not had a resurgence in the years since Miss McCarthy's death. When Dr. Daniels returned to England he met a professor of medicine at a party. Daniels described to him, a man of great learning, the ceaseless, ubiquitous, and inescapable propaganda he had encountered in North Korea. The professor, who had never been there, replied: "Ah, but have you considered how much power Rupert Murdoch wields in this country?"

And just at a time when the world seems to have moved away from the afflictions of ideology, Dr. Daniels has found a new horror, in Peru, the home of the Shining Path, founded by Abimael Guzmán, the former professor of philosophy at Ayacucho University. The new horror is a terror weapon, called the *niño-bomba*, the child bomb. Children are loaded with dynamite and exploded when they reach their target. The Shining Path justifies this novel piece of terrorism in Peru because "fifteen thousand million years of matter in motion are leading necessarily and inexorably . . . toward a society of Complete Harmony."

As I said, the struggle for a democratic civilization is far from over. □

The Marble Man

DOUG BANDOW

ROBERT E. LEE has been perhaps America's premier secular icon, with an "heroic, almost superhuman, national stature," writes Alan Nolan. Indeed, the "Mythic Lee," as Nolan puts it, has been largely immune from the normal questioning of historians. Which led Nolan, an Indianapolis attorney, to write *Lee Considered*. Getting people to reconsider their idols is a painful process, and Nolan assures his readers that he considers Lee a great man worthy of respect. But that will offer scant comfort to the Lee admirer as Nolan wields his sledgehammer against "the marble man."

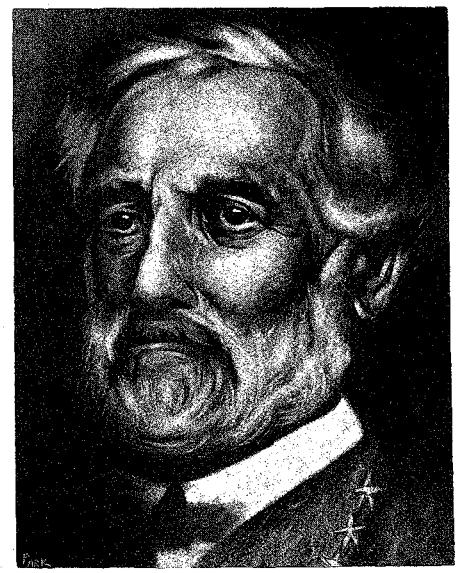
Lee Considered: General Robert E. Lee and Civil War History, by Alan Nolan (Chapel Hill, 231 pp., $22.50)

Mr. Bandow is a Senior Fellow at the Cato Institute and an occasional visitor to Civil War battlefields.

The fundamental problem with *Lee Considered* is that it reads like a legal brief. Nolan rightly challenges Lee's relative immunity from serious historical scrutiny, and the evidence suggests a man far more complex—and human—than the marble image. But Nolan himself ignores this subtlety, going beyond his evidence in an attempt to substitute the Revised Lee for the Mythic Lee.

Nolan's strongest challenge to the Lee tradition comes in his discussion of Lee's attitude toward slavery. Although Lee called the institution a "moral & political evil," he indicated his willingness to leave abolition up to God, "who sees the end; who Chooses to work by slow influences." Lee also approved of the Kansas–Nebraska Act, which allowed the question of slavery in the territories to be settled by popular vote. Moreover, Nolan cites an 1865 letter, which several Lee biographers have omitted, terming slavery "the best" relationship between the races and worrying about the "evil consequences" of emancipation. Overall, argues Nolan, Lee's opinions differed little from those of other members of the planter class.

In fact, however, many Southerners defended the morality of slavery, which Lee did not. And most Northerners who opposed slavery did not accept blacks as equals: Abraham Lincoln, among others, was a gradual emancipationist who advocated colonization of former slaves in Africa. The context of Lee's comment on the Kansas–Nebraska Act suggests that he may have seen the law as a means of avoiding "Civil & Servile war." And his 1865 letter relates his opinion of the way "the white and black races" were "intermingled as at present," something that presumably also bothered Northerners who endorsed abolition but forbade free blacks to move



Chang Park

into their communities. Lee's views on this subject were obviously more complex than have previously been attributed to him, but Nolan assumes more than his evidence shows.

The desire to stretch the facts to back his conclusions is apparent elsewhere. Nolan's material on Lee's decision to resign his Federal commission and accept a Confederate command

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suggests a person under intense pressure and subject to conflicting emotions. Nolan, however, is dedicated to showing that Lee "was essentially committed to the Southern cause before Virginia seceded by virtue of his feelings about slavery and its expansion and by his sense of sectional loyalty." Nolan even questions Lee's veracity, puzzling, for instance, over how Lee could have indicated he hoped to go home and farm. But neither Lee's choices nor ongoing events were as simple as Nolan seems to assume. What if Virginia had remained in the Union but Federal forces were used against Confederate states? What if Virginia had seceded but no war ensued? Lee might then have resigned without entering Southern service. His seemingly unrealistic statements may also have reflected a desperate hope that he could avoid deciding. Although Nolan again demonstrates that the traditional view of Lee is too simplistic, his conclusion again suffers from the same flaw.

Two of Nolan's chapters are particularly unpersuasive. First, he argues that Lee was not a magnanimous adversary—and could not have been truthful in stating that he had felt no "bitterness and resentment" toward the North—because he referred to the "enemy" who committed "ruin & pillage," etc. Yet there is a difference between making essentially factual statements, such as that enemy forces are burning down homes and destroying crops—or even erupting angrily (Lee did have a temper)—and feeling bitter toward Northerners. Although Nolan is right to criticize fawning biographers who have suggested that Lee never uttered an ill word about the forces that were, in fact, ravaging his "country," Virginia, Lee's censure of their conduct does not mean that he was not forgiving, especially given his postwar role in attempting to heal the sectional divisions.

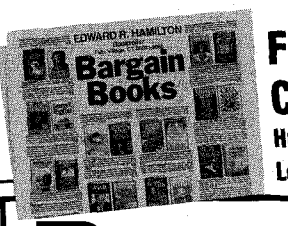
Which leads to Nolan's even more curious criticism of Lee's image as what Douglas Southall Freeman called "the conciliator." Writes Nolan, "in spite of some conciliatory statements," Lee "embraced the conventional claims of the defeated South." But the Lee statements that Nolan cites consistently encourage national harmony. That Lee emerged after four years of war as a stronger partisan of Southern rights is neither a surprise nor relevant to assessing his magnanimity in defeat.

Joined with the sustained attack on Lee's character is criticism of his generalship. In particular, Nolan argues that Lee should have adopted a more defensive stance. Although Lee was hardly alone among Southern generals and politicians in his devotion to the offensive, it is true he engaged in tactically successful but strategically wasteful assaults. Yet Nolan's suggested alternative of yielding territory would have required a willingness by Lee *and the Confederate government* to abandon not only the nation's capital but also much of its most populous state. This approach was not likely to be welcomed by Virginians, just as NATO always adopted a forward defense on the West German border at German insistence.

Finally, Nolan contends that Lee should have surrendered his army, or at least resigned his commission, when he came to believe the Southern cause was hopeless—as early as 1863. For, in Nolan's words, "the consequences of Lee's persistence . . . included civilian hardship, North and South; heavy casualties . . . and severe economic losses." Actually, General Grant was more responsible than Lee for these costs: after all, it was Grant who headed the invading army. That Lee continued to defend his homeland despite long odds hardly seems censurable.

In any case, should a military commander surrender a functioning army because he believes the war is doomed to failure? Nolan devotes an appendix to the question of a general's authority to surrender, but his legalistic approach misses the basic issue. The Confederacy's elected civil authorities no less than Lee were devoted to continuing the war. His surrender would have effectively usurped their authority, his resignation resulting merely in a reshuffling of commanders.

Though Alan Nolan has performed a service in at least trying to get people to think of Lee as a human being rather than a demigod, *Lee Considered* is a frustrating book. Instead of helping us understand the subtleties of Robert E. Lee's character, Nolan has written a legal brief advancing his own rather simplistic notions of the man. But the evidence doesn't back him up, and the icon remains largely untouched. □



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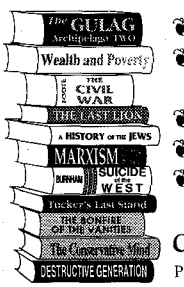

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HENRY KLINGEMAN:

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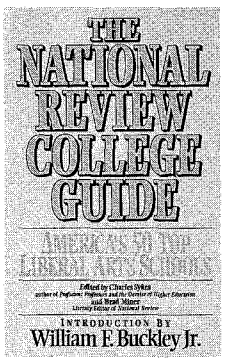

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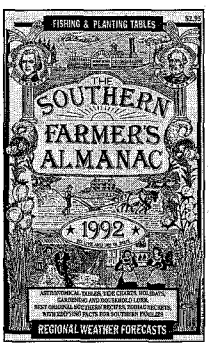

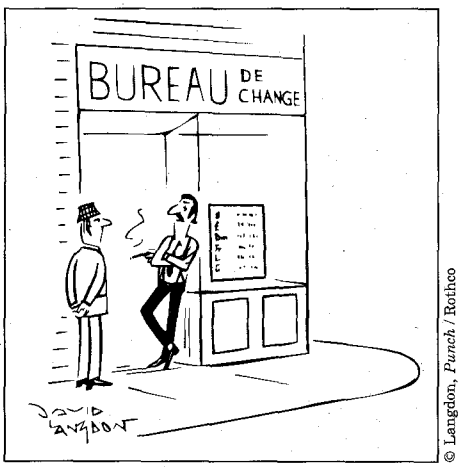

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"Personally, I'm dead against a single European currency."

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1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	6,790	6,599
2. Mail subscription (paid and/or requested)	146,336	145,446
C. Total paid and/or requested circulation (sum of B1 and B2)	153,126	152,045
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,265	1,002
E. Total distribution (sum of C and D)	154,391	153,047
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1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	3,420	3,897
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G. Total (sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)	170,420	169,200

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

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TOWN CRIER

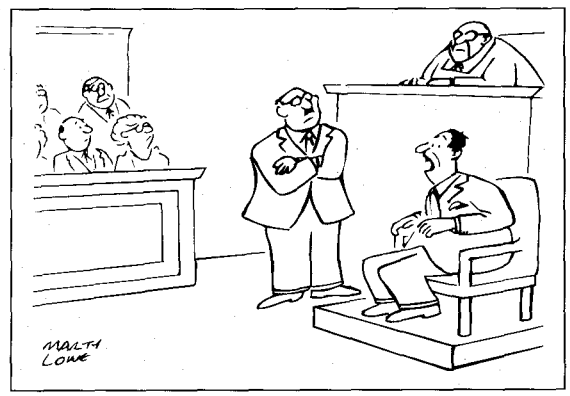
The Right Lessons. NATIONAL REVIEW readers who have already become Town Hall members were able to learn how they can take a variety of courses (at home, via personal computer) with the best minds in conservative academia. Charles Kesler of Claremont-McKenna College is one of the professors in the National Review Institute Studies Program (he'll be teaching NRI's course on "American Political Thought, 1860 to the Present"). On September 18, in a special Town Hall Conference Center Q&A session, he explained the whole thing: signing up for NRI courses, how the classrooms function, student/teacher interaction, and the convenience of education by computer. If you would like a conference transcript, or more information about the Studies Program, write NRI Director Lisa Nelson c/o *NR*.

Town Hall Live. In a slew of other conferences over the last two weeks, Town Hall members got the chance to talk with and question some top conservatives. Bill Bennett discussed "multiculturalism" and education on September 26, Rick Brookhiser and *Cedar Rapids* (Iowa) *Gazette* columnist Mike Deupree hosted a "Democrats and 1992" conference (September 29), and *Detroit News* columnist Warren Brookes—author of the smash cover story in the last *NR*—gave it to Dick "Dead Wrong" Darman one more time in an October 2 Town Hall parley. Expect more of the same in weeks and months ahead.

Beau Coup News. Thanks to member Mike Cambria (Boston, Mass.), Town Hall has a Moscow contact. Cambria (who communicates with Vladimir Butenko over another "on line" network) is posting in the Town Hall Meeting Place Butenko's riveting accounts of last month's siege of the Russian White House.

From his eyewitness report (message #839), in bumpy but understandable English: "When people saw [that a tank crew had killed three Muscovites], they opened cars parked near the Ring, took empty bottles from people living in the buildings near the tunnel and began to throw bottles with gas into this tank. Since it wasn't a special liquid, but only the petroleum, the tank was set on fire after the sixth or seventh bottle. The crew of the tank jumped out of the tank, and ran to the other tanks, firing into the sky. Then the three tanks went back into the tunnel, and two tanks tried to cross the barricade, but failed and were blocked there." Gripping *and* humorous (on CNN's Soviet coverage: "The information they provide is very selective. It's a pity. I thought that only Soviet TV operated in such a manner."), Butenko has become the talk of Town Hall.

As the Man Said. We hope to have Vladimir Butenko as a Town Hall participant soon. He should be hankering to join up after reading Mike Cambria's latest missive (Meeting Place message #842): "U.S. readers subscribe to *NR* because . . . we cannot obtain the facts via the news media. The whole point of [Town Hall] is to allow its [members] to exchange information among ourselves and the editors in addition to just reading the magazine which has an information flow only from the editors to the readers. . . . [Town Hall is] a way for people, using computers in lieu of the post office or telephone, to communicate about things which concern us such as low taxes, small government, free market, etc. . . . This network will allow you to reach more people." Wish we'd said that.



"I had been working late with the computer. It kept calling me stupid, stupid, stupid. I couldn't stand it. I picked up a blunt instrument . . ."

Meanwhile at Sardi's. The headline from the September 23 *Roll Call* says it all: "Righties Rejoice: National Review goes electronic." Yep, the "newspaper of Capitol Hill" says our "delightfully stodgy and self-righteous publication" (the "lair of political paleoliths and unapologetic Victorians, with the deliberately 1950s decor") is now "refitted for the 21st Century."

More: "*NR* has set up an electronic warehouse that it calls Town Hall," where members can "scroll through screens and screens of anti–Ted Kennedy diatribes 24 hours a day without getting out of their chairs" and "can actually contribute their own screeds or rap with the likes of *Review* founder William F. Buckley. . . . Among the features are a meeting place, a prolific daily digest of news with a conservative slant, an encyclopedia, a polling database that lets anyone set up his or her own 'poll,' . . . and the National Review Institute, with senior editor William Bennett as Dean of Students, of course." *RC*'s verdict: "We found Town Hall to be a lot of fun, despite the fact that we were on for over an hour and WFB didn't sign on once. Damn!" (Sorry, *RC*; he was writing a column, finishing a book, and doing a radio interview that hour. Hang around longer next time!)

Tips. Want your group's events (from local meetings to conventions) posted free on the Town Hall Conservative Calendar? Just fax the facts to TH Project Director Jeanne Meyer at 212-696-0340. . . . Or maybe your group is interested in a Town Hall office—where you can instantly access and network with your colleagues (even if you're in D.C. and they're in L.A.!). For more information call Jeanne at 212-679-7330. . . . To start your Town Hall membership (and to take a free Town Hall tour) just dial by modem 800-648-6964.

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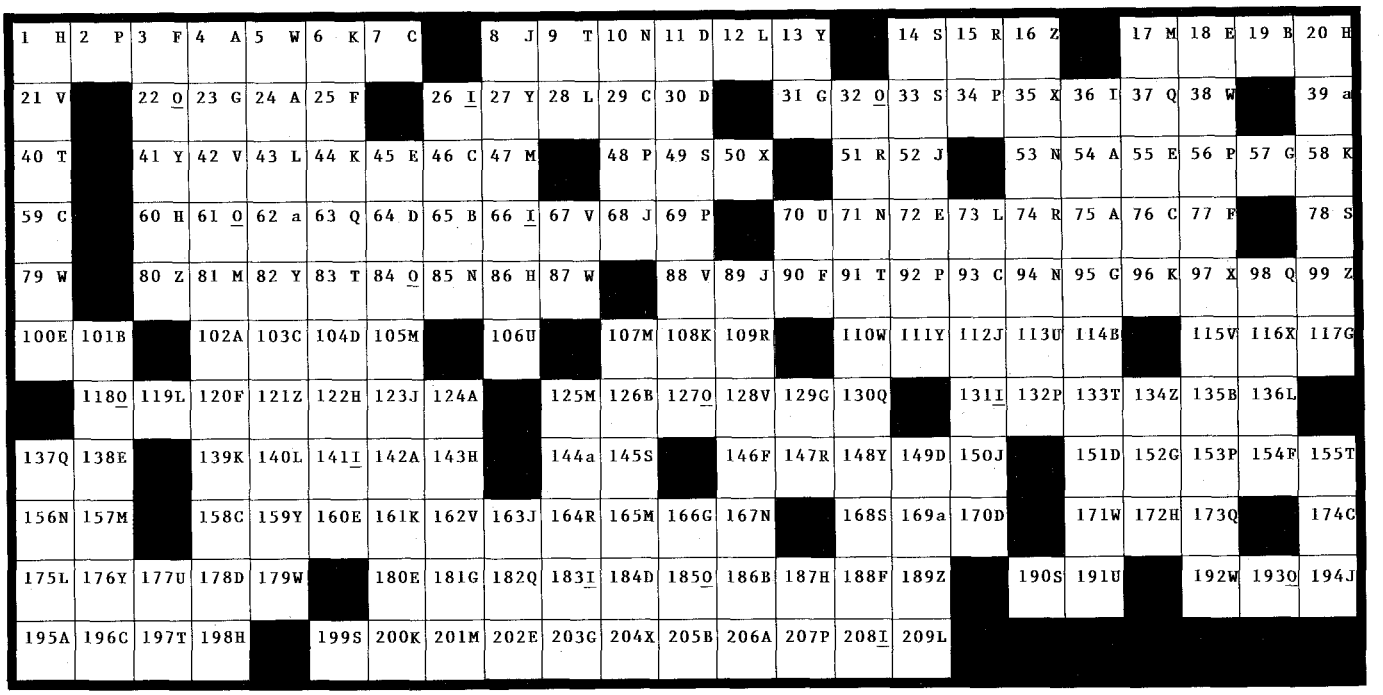
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. City of religions — 102 195 24 54 124 75 142 206 4

B. America personified (2 words) — 126 101 65 135 186 114 19 205

C. Problem — 46 158 174 93 196 76 103 29 59 7

D. Family of Greek Phanariots — 30 151 104 184 178 64 11 170 149

E. Chimneysweep's hat style? — 180 18 100 160 138 72 45 55 202

F. Brings in the crops — 77 90 3 154 25 146 188 120

G. Likely to botch it up (hyph.) — 181 152 129 117 95 31 203 57 166 23

H. Strike by Mother Nature — 20 86 1 172 143 187 122 198 60

I. S&Ls, ostensibly — 183 66 36 141 26 208 131

J. Negative balance — 52 68 112 194 150 89 123 8 163

K. Time for thanksgiving — 6 200 44 108 96 139 161 58

L. Ridiculous — 28 140 136 175 12 73 43 119 209

M. Competent — 165 125 107 47 81 105 17 201 157

N. Sail support — 167 94 71 85 10 53 156

O. Sunday, on Saturday — 127 61 185 193 32 118 84 22

P. Joy — 132 48 34 56 153 207 2 92 69

Q. Site of heroic Israeli raid — 173 182 98 37 137 63 130

R. Detroit, musically — 164 147 51 74 109 15

S. Daughter of Oedipus — 14 145 78 49 199 190 168 33

T. Burmese capital — 9 155 91 197 133 40 83

U. Surrealistic Bohemian novelist — 177 106 191 113 70

V. Where the river meets the sea — 67 162 88 128 115 42 21

W. Redundantly hypocritical (hyph.) — 171 110 79 192 5 87 179 38

X. Babylonian earth god — 50 97 116 35 204

Y. Splendor — 82 41 27 148 111 159 176 13

Z. Published — 99 189 121 134 80 16

a. Bull, in Barcelona — 39 169 62 144

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 50 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Eureka!

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18

The morning paper carries a letter from a doctor with the melancholy tale of the couple who came to see him because the husband was feeling tired and napping a good deal, and his reflexes on the road were not quite so good. The couple were over eighty years old, had been married for 55 years, and didn't the doctor think it might be a good idea for the husband to have a CAT scan, a magnetic resonance imaging, and then go on to a neurologist for a thorough check-up? Our doctor examined the gentleman and told him that, in fact, he suffered from nothing that someone his age shouldn't expect to suffer from and that there really wasn't any point in spending $5,000 to take all those tests, which were highly unlikely to reveal the need for any dramatic therapy. Uh-huh. He was thanked, and the couple went, at the urging of their daughter, to an out-of-town neurologist who, zap, gave him all those tests, from which no illness transpired. The bill was, of course, sent to Medicare.

In the endless pursuit of free-market applications to the problem of health care, we have had the good fortune to be in touch with Dr. Gerald Musgrave, who is associated with the National Center for Policy Analysis. From his collaboration with John Goodman of the National Center and Dr. Jesse Hixson, an idea has evolved that is worth celebrating: the Health Bank. This idea rests on Musgrave's Iron Law of Public Policy, which says, "The economizers must benefit from the economizing." "It means that if you want to control health-care costs, the ones who receive the pain from cutting cost must be rewarded with the pleasure." Applied to the eighty-year-old couple above, if they had not spent the $5,000 it should have substantially gone into their own pockets.

But some background.

Dr. Musgrave reminds us of several things we tend to forget. The first of these is that health benefits are deductible to the employer, and non-taxable to the recipient. If it costs General Motors $3,000 per year to endow an employee with health benefits, then each worker is receiving $3,000 of untaxed income.

During the Second World War, wages were frozen. As always happens when wages are frozen, employers and employees look for ways to get around the prohibition, and the best way was to increase health benefits. This caused a rush for "first-dollar coverage," which means that if you go to the doctor once a year and shell out $25, you get $25 back from your insurance company.

But this doesn't make sense from any point of view. To begin with, "insurance" is philosophically and statistically designed to protect you from phenomenal collisions with nature. If you go walking down the street and slip on a banana peel and break your arm, that is an insurable event. If you go around to the doctor to get medicine for this winter's cold, that isn't an insurable event, because people visit their doctors as a matter of course, for routine health maintenance. The clerical work done to cover the costs of mending your collarbone is still $50, but this becomes a small fraction of, say, a $2,000 medical event.

But people being as people are, if they are fully insured, they will go to the doctor more frequently, and will put in for 100 per cent of the tax-free reimbursement.

How does one design a system that allows you to pay your employees in tax-free income, allows insurance companies to serve a useful function of insuring (rather than simply administering prepaid health expenses, as is now the case), allows physicians and hospitals to provide health care without government and other bureaucrats monitoring their every move, provide the safety net that protects us from people who become a public charge? Answer: The Health Bank.

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Suppose that General Motors paid $3,000 not to an insurance company, but to you: that that money went into your bank account, but reserved for the payment of medical bills. That much of it as is not used sits there earning interest, and, if you wish, you can play the market with it. Every penny you don't use will one day be yours to do with as you like. Your only specified expense is: You have to take out an insurance policy against catastrophic illness, with a deductible of $1,000.

The beginning of the Health Bank plan, with more to come. But already, enough to celebrate. □

Guns and Children

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16

As things are moving, after two or three more disarmament conferences with the Soviet Union et al. the largest standing army in the world is likely to be New York City schoolchildren. *60 Minutes* on Sunday made it all very real. Fifteen high schools in New York City are not very different in appearance from federal prisons, their entrances equipped with full-scale metal-detecting devices. The principal reason is that the little angels tend to bring pistols to school. The round figures are: Nationally, an average of six children per day are shot to death.

A commentator wrote recently that the reputation of the United States abroad is the result of two emanations. The first, the United States the superpower, the can-do industrial giant, cross us and you've had it, unless you're a North Vietnamese. The other—the so-called "soft" impression—is that of a generous nation that takes in immigrants who a generation later are college educated and perhaps millionaires; a nation renowned for its search for justice and liberty.

That emanation is threatened these days by what foreigners observe. We are overwhelmed by pornography, illegitimacy, illiteracy, insolvency, drugs, and guns. Conservatives are associated with the Second Amendment guarantee of the right to bear arms. But conservatives have failed to come forward with laws that are designed substantially to reduce the free flow of guns. The camera of Mr. Morley Safer focuses on a little girl, age, oh, nine. "If you wanted to buy a gun, would you know where to get it?" A little

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smile, and the head nods. A second girl, even younger. "Would you?"

"Yes," the child's voice comes in.

"How much would you need to pay for it?"

"A 'undred dollars."

In New York City the handgun law is as tough as any in the country. There are only 29,000 licensed pistol carriers and (an interesting note) a record of not a single infraction by anyone licensed. The laws specify tough treatment for anyone unlicensed caught with a gun. Yet children seem to have no problem at all in finding pistols. And these pistols are regularly used to kill other children.

The Brady bill asks only that a person seeking to buy a firearm submit his name so that the seller can ascertain if he has a criminal record. The difficulty here lies in spotty and eccentric records kept by the different states. It is easier to locate a car owner in New York State than a convicted felon. The result of which is that anyone who wishes to buy a gun can probably outwit the Brady system by going to a state whose research is sloppy. Or, presumably, he can get the gun for a 'undred dollars in the black market. We are talking about a country in which there are an estimated 55 million handguns (I own four). It is wrong to suppose that their existence is always without purpose. The elderly couple in the Bronx who sleep with a pistol at their bedside can sleep, while others, frequent victims of muggers and housebreakers and thieves, do not.

Several years ago in Massachusetts an experiment was proposed. The law would let you alone to do anything in your house or in your place of business you wished: Your home could be a garrison. But if you were caught with a pistol other than in your house or shop, they would throw the book at you.

Obviously allowances need to be made for hunters traveling to the fields with their shotguns or rifles. But the idea is first rate. The purpose of a firearm is self-defense. If you need a firearm to defend yourself on the streets then civil society has broken down. Which indeed it has, in parts of New York City and elsewhere, after dark. But progress isn't being made when children can buy a gun for one hundred dollars.

There should be a mobilization of public sentiment on the question, and no prison sentence strikes us as over-severe to mete out to those who sell guns to children. The soft appeal of the American culture has great difficulty in sustaining the vision of children young enough to be spanked, threatening their teachers with a 9-millimeter automatic. And how do you effectively punish ten-year-olds caught with pistols? Suspend them from school? Send them to a reformatory? The gun problem has to be approached at the other end, with focus on the suppliers. □

George McGovern On the Hustings

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20

At 69 George McGovern is spry, resourceful, endearing, and unreformed. He will tell you that for those who have been nominated for the Presidency and lost, political life is just a little lackluster, which is why he very nearly decided to try it one more time. When considering another go he had said publicly, "In my soul, I know my qualifications for the Presidency—wisdom, wit, historical perspective, toughness—are better at 68 than at 48." Inviting his opponent to remark that nobody could disagree with that statement; how could it be otherwise? A sickness, happily minor, affected his decision not to run, but that sickness, he told the students of the University of Florida, did remind him of his mortality. A daemon brought to mind the comment made by the pious Spanish guide when asked how was life in Seville, now that Cardinal Segura had died? She answered that on dying, "Cardinal Segura and we passed on to a better world."

The populist intellectual (George McGovern went from a professorship at Dakota Wesleyan University to politics) is most fearfully aroused by the budget deficit, though he does not welcome being reminded that in 1983, he called for "a cap on Medicare and Social Security payments, absolutely no rise for three or four years until we get the deficit under control." One has the impression he rather wishes he hadn't said that, just as he rather wishes he hadn't recommended in 1975 that we send the Marines to Cambodia to do something about the Khmer Rouge. George McGovern isn't running for public office, but he is not going to lose his portfolio as crown prince of American liberalism. One of the students said that if he would change his mind about running, an army of young people would rise to carry him to the White House. But of course he had heard that song before.

Oh, he is most unforgiving about the greed and executive neglect that have added the burden of the S&L crisis to the nation's budget burden. It was laxity in the regulators under Ronald Reagan that caused it all—that and, of course, the greed of big business.

Bringing to mind something said in 1933. "As to guaranteeing bank deposits, the minute the government starts to do that . . . the government runs into a probable loss. We do not wish to make the United States Government liable for the mistakes and errors of individual banks, and put a premium on sound banking in the future." Who said that? I want five dollars from each of you who experience primordial joy on learning that it was: Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Yes, FDR went on in 1934 to endorse a bank guarantee of $2,500. That wouldn't have led to the S&L scandals. But watch! Typical stuff! Under Truman (1950), it was raised to $10,000. Under LBJ (1966) $15,000. Under Nixon (1969) $20,000. Under Ford (1974) $40,000. Under Carter (1980)—$100,000. That is when the big money-brokers moved in, and of course the S&Ls that offered the highest interest were those nearest to insolvency. It was the joint responsibility of the Reagan Administration and the Democratic Congress dominated by Jim Wright, Tony Coelho, and Fernand St Germain to do something about it. They failed, and the biggest bankruptcy in the history of money was the result. But George McGovern doesn't know, nor did his adversary, why that $100,000 is still there. Nick Brady, front and center: Why have you not recommended to President Bush that that atrocity be repealed?

What is George McGovern's favorite reading? You guessed it, the book about how the rich get richer and the poor get poorer "written by the Republican analyst, Kevin Phillips." It is disconcerting, when plying that thesis, to learn that the wealthiest 1 per cent of Americans were paying 18 per cent of income taxes when Mr. Reagan became President, and are now paying 28 per cent. That the wealthiest 5 per cent were paying 35 per cent of all income taxes when Reagan was elected, and are now paying 46 per cent. The top 50 per cent of earners now account for 95 per cent of total income-tax collections. That doesn't sound like a plutocratic fix. And it isn't easy, in denouncing supply-side, to account for the fact that federal-income-tax receipts went up by 64 per cent during Reagan's years in office.

But George McGovern can absorb it all. He is the genuine son of his Methodist parents, seeking to infuse the Beatitudes into public policy, and refusing to understand the great social negations incarnated in the collapse of the Berlin Wall. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Mossback Meets Guns 'n' Roses

LATELY I've had the vague sense that large matters are being played out without my knowing quite what's going on. And, let's be frank, I don't know what's going on. The other evening I switched on *Entertainment Tonight* and sat glassy-eyed, watching the parade of movie stars, recording stars, soap-opera stars, and sitcom stars for 15 minutes before I was roused by a name I recognized, and then it was Paul Anka's and he doesn't count.

To recoup, I've been trying to follow the fall television season in the papers. I too am concerned whether Doogie Howser, MD, will lose his virginity before Christmas, but not overly so since I wasn't aware that Dr. Howser was a virgin. I didn't know they let virgins on TV. And of course I don't know who Doogie Howser is.

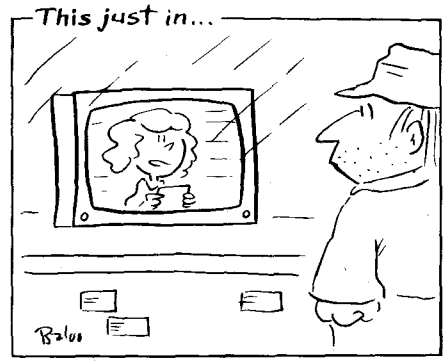
I'm similarly spotty with the best-seller lists: I know who Erma Bombeck is, and P. J. O'Rourke, the patron saint of all conservative journalists; but the name M. Scott Peck is new to me, even though Mr. (Dr.?) Peck's *The Road Less Traveled* has been riding the lists for 411 weeks. How could I have missed it? More troubling: What else have I missed?

My ignorance is in no way intentional. Total detachment from popular culture seems to me a fogey's crotchet. It calls to mind my father's blank stare when I hollered "Peter Fonda!" after he asked me whose picture I had just tacked to my bedroom wall in 1969. Imagine, in the days of *Easy Rider*, not knowing who Peter Fonda was. But these days I feel myself lost in a cloud-world of unrecognizable Peter Fondas.

Last month, I read that record stores across the country had stayed open the night before, to accommodate the midnight release of two new rock 'n' roll albums. The two were actually a set, with the titles *Use Your Illusion I* and *Use Your Illusion II*, by Guns 'n' Roses. Nationwide, five hundred thousand units sold by 2 A.M. Then sales slowed to a mere five hundred thousand a day. And one of those sales was made to me.

I saw it as a chance to reconnect to that wider world. Though I'd never heard Guns 'n' Roses, I had heard of them. Individually they are called Slash, Axl, Matt, Duff, and Izzy, five dwarfs from a Disney hell. A file of their press clips reads like a police blotter—one member was recently arrested for allegedly dropping a wine bottle on a neighbor's head, another for urinating in the galley of an airliner. This is the pop-music business, of course, and incidents like these could be dismissed as good PR. I put down my $13.99 for *UYI II*. (The last time I bought a rock 'n' roll record the price was $5.99—an observation only a mossback would make, I know.)

YOU DON'T have to listen to *UYI II* for very long before you realize that for some people urinating in airplane galleys and dropping wine bottles on their neighbors represent not public relations but a way of life. Guns 'n' Roses' music is rooted solidly in the discovery that by turning a Marshall amplifier to 10, and simultaneously turning the volume control on an electric guitar to 10, a guitarist can play chords drained of all tonality. Add drums with a heavy echo effect and a singer with more vibrato than voice, and you've got the sound. You've got Guns 'n' Roses.



"The following program is mostly made up, but there's a fact or two in there somewhere."

No, you can't even dance to it. The Gunners stick to 4/4 time, of course, but they mix it up with half time and double time, and as I listened the thought occurred: Dear God, they're being arty. I grabbed the lyric sheet. Apart from their terrible potty training, their lyrics are considered their most objectionable aspect, full of mysogyny and profanity and sadism. But the lyric's most striking quality is their—how to put it?—stupidity. The rhyme schemes are stunning.

And when you're talkin' about a vasectomy
Yeah
I'll be writing down your obituary.

I checked: For as long as artists have explored the mysterious commingling of sex and death, this is the first time anyone ever thought to rhyme *vasectomy* and *obituary*. They go on:

Why do you look at me when you hate me?
Why should I look at you when you make me hate you too?

A good question, but don't try to scan it. And, this being contemporary showbiz, sooner or later the social conscience barrels through.

I don't need your civil war
It feeds the rich while it buries the poor
Your power hungry sellin' soldiers
In a human grocery store.

As I turned off *UYI II*, my only thought was of the $13.99 I would never see again. It was the thought not of an outraged moralist, but of a man who has succumbed to galloping fuddy-duddyism. As the fogey within me asserts itself, I worry that I will struggle vainly against it and wind up like one of those potbellied guys you see waddling through America's college towns, dressed in colored T-shirts and bell-bottoms and sporting handlebar mustaches, the guys who refuse to get the message, which is this: the popular culture has passed them by, as it must all of us. For me, Guns 'n' Roses delivers the message with brutal finality. It's time at last to put away childish things, time to face the music: an old Rosemary Clooney album, say, or maybe Tony Bennett.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is an editorial writer for Scripps Howard News Service.

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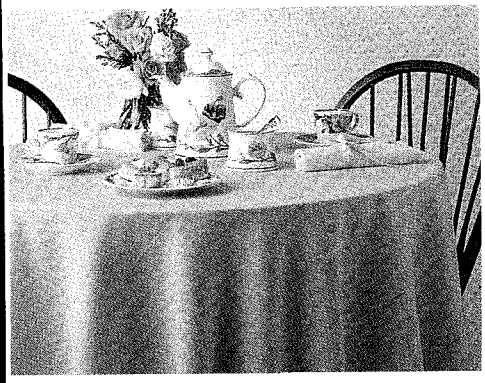

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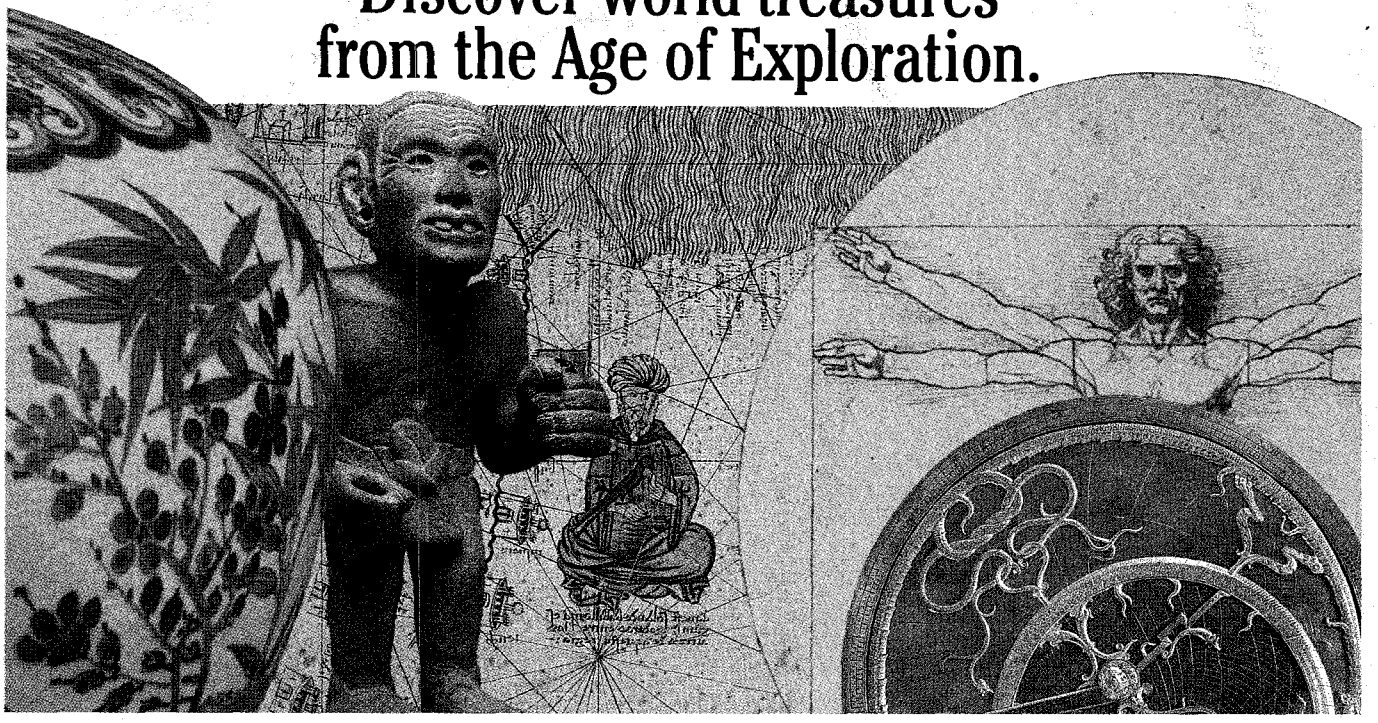

Credits from left to right, details of: Blue and White Porcelain Jar with Plum and Bamboo Decorations, Ho-Am Art Museum, Kyunggi-Do, Korea; Xiuhtecuhtli as an Old Man, CNCA-INAH, Museo Nacional de Antropología, Mexico City; Atlas Catalan, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, Gallerie dell'Accademia, Venice; Astrolabe of Alphanus Severus, Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg.

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National Gallery of Art
Washington, D.C.
October 12, 1991-January 12, 1992

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